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THE CHAIN

of



1932

The Fourteenth Link

LANE HIGH SCHOOL
CHARLOTTESVILLE, VIRGINIA



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FOREWORD

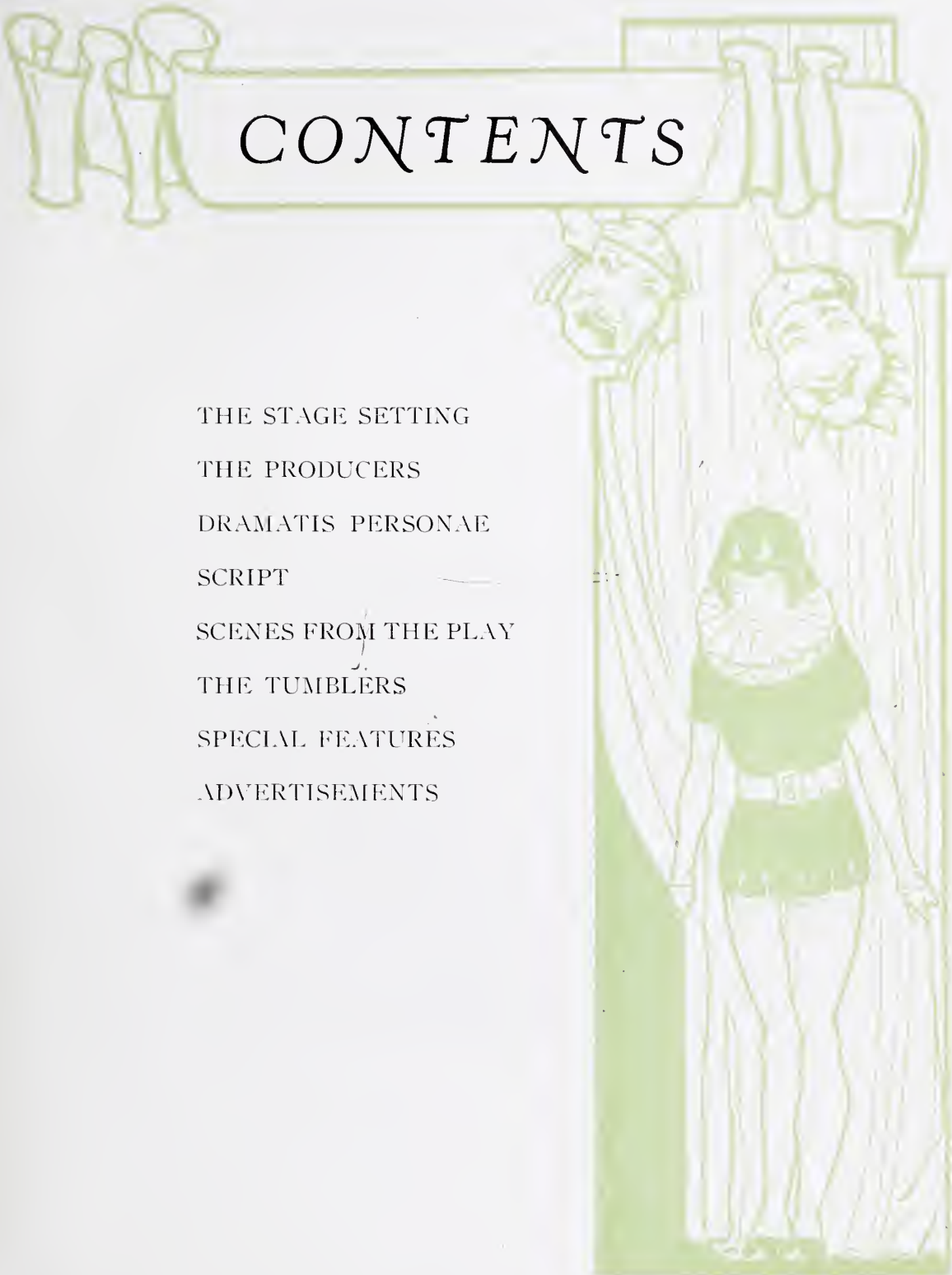


WITH due respect, the Senior Class of 1932 presents to the student body the Fourteenth Link of the CHAIN.

Since any realistic drama must be founded on actualities, we have built this yearbook around the varied subjects of interest in Lane High.

May the students take this book for what it is worth; in it is gathered the literary and artistic talent of the school. If, at some future date, this book recalls any happy memories, the editors will feel that they have accomplished their purpose.

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THE CHAIN



MR. HUGH L. SULFRIDGE



DEDICATION

WE, the Class of 1932, in the hope that in it he may find some token of the honor and esteem in which we hold him, dedicate this Annual to one who for three years has inspired and encouraged us by his kindly interest—

MR. HUGH L. SULFRIDGE



THE CHAIN



LANE HIGH SCHOOL

*Within my doors
A youthful clan
Have now traversed
A four-year span.
Though not so new
As I could be
I've served them long
And faithfully.*

Stage Setting



The Producers

THE CHAIN



THE FACULTY

THE CHAIN



THE FACULTY



Dramatis Personae

A School Speaks

CLARENCE KING, '32

*Four years within my battered walls you've stayed.
Four years you've labored in this very place.
I know you all; I recognize each face.
I've lived with you, whose lives perhaps were made
Inside my doors. And now, I see you go.
An endless chain of classes still will come.
Yet I'll remember you; I'm sure in some
Remoter day you'll think of me. I know
Whate'er the end, or whatsoe'er you do
You will remember me and will recall
Some time of poignant memories. That is all
I can expect, and all I ask of you.
Go you now forth and prove I taught you well.
Another class departs; I say—farewell.*

THE CHAIN



Senior Class

Motto: "Carpe diem"

Colors: Green and White

Flower: White Peony

<i>President</i>	NEWMAN HARRIS
<i>Vice-President</i>	LINDSAY BLANTON
<i>Secretary</i>	ELOISE BISHOP
<i>Treasurer</i>	VAN WARD
<i>Testator</i>	IRENE MANN
<i>Poet</i>	CLARENCE KING
<i>Prophet</i>	BOOTON HERNDON
<i>Historian</i>	FRANCES BAKER
<i>Sponsor</i>	DR. LUCY T. JONES

THE CHAIN



WILLIAM BRADFORD ALWOOD, III

Senior Hi-Y, '29-'30; Players Club, '31-'32; Vice-President, Boys' Glee Club, '30-'31, President, '31-'32.

"Time washes away all things," but it will be a long time before the fair damsels of Lane will forget Bill's heart-rending ditties—at the Boys' minstrel.

BARBARA BAILEY

Players' Club, '29-'30, '30-'31, '31-'32.

Barbara will, in a few years, be a featured dancer; she has untold ability in this field.

ELIZABETH BAILEY

Elizabeth, one of the more reserved members of the class, is delightfully refreshing in her naiveté.

LOUISE CATHERINE BAILEY

A woman of few words is "Lou," but what she says is worth listening to.

FRANCES MARSHALL BAKER

Member Players' Club, '28-'29, '29-'30, '30-'31, '31-'32; Secretary, '30-'31; Vice-President, '31-'32; Metcalf Literary Society, '28-'32; Secretary, '29-'30; Junior Editor *Bumble Bee*, '30-'31; Literary Editor *THE CHAIN*, '31-'32; Reporter *Midway Student*, '28-'29.

"Pie" brings to one's mind the saying, "Great thinkers control the affairs of men," for she has melted more than one frigid male with her soulful eyes.

THE CHAIN

ELSIE BAUGH

Hayes Literary Society, '29-'31; Student Council, '29-'30.

She has beauty and a husband. What more could one ask?

ELOISE VIRGINIA BISHOP

Secretary Senior Class, '31-'32; Assistant Editor THE CHAIN, '30-'31, '31-'32; Vice-President, Student Council, '30-'31.

Brains and beauty—and a very "Fitching" blush.

FRANCES MARION BLANKINSHIP

Reporter *Midway Student*, '30-'31; Art Editor, THE CHAIN, '29-'32; Member Metcalf Literary Society, '30-'32; Vice-President, '31-'32.

"Frammy" has brightened our classes, beautified our annual, and slapped our backs. Ray! for her.

LINDSAY C. BLANTON

Vice-President, Sophomore Class, '29-'30; President, Junior Class, '30-'31; Vice-President, Senior Class, '31-'32; G. A. A. Stand Clerk, '31-'32; Football Letters, '29-'32; Basketball Letter, '30-'31; Captain Basketball, '30-'31; Student Council Secretary, '30-'31; Players' Club, '29-'32; Boys' Glee Club, '30-'31; Baseball Letter, '30; Track Letter, '29-'30; History Club, '28-'30.

"Butch" Blanton—what more need we say?

JAMES ALEXANDER BRALLEY

The pride of the fifth period chemistry class! We wonder—Is he pensive or just asleep?



THE CHAIN



WILLIAM RALPH BRITTON

President Hi-Y, '28-'29; Member Senior Hi-Y, '29-'32; G. A. A. Stand, '31-'32; Basketball Letter, '30-'32; Baseball Letter, '31; Manager Football, '30; Manager Basketball, '30.

"Brit" stands out among a prominent bunch of "lady-killers" who keep the fair damsels of Lane High worried. Who can resist the appeal of a famous athlete with shining hair?

ELIZA PATSY BROOKS

"Jane" is a charter member of that exclusive cult that enters school as late as possible.

KATHERYN FRANCES BUNTING

Those who speak little think a great deal.

NORBORNE PAGE COLE

Senior Hi-Y, '29-'32; G. A. A. Stand, '31-'32; Football Letters, '30-'32; Basketball Letters, '29-'30, '31-'32; Student Council, '30-'31.

Even though Norborne is "Gay" these days, he still finds time to take part in a great number of other things, as you can see by the above list.

ANNA COLEMAN

Anna's placid countenance calms the most rowdy spirit.

THE CHAIN

MARION ELIZABETH COLEMAN

Girls' Glee Club, '28-'32.

Marion's sweet voice will be missed from the Girls' Glee Club next year.

JOCK CUNNINGHAM

Literary Editor *THE CHAIN*, '31-'32; Senior Hi-Y, '30-'32; Junior Hi-Y, '29-'30.

Genius is always a little mad. Don't be surprised if, some day, Doctor Jock forgets his patient and flits around exclaiming, "Tit-willow! Tit-willow! Tit-willow!"

MARY MOORE DAVIS

Metcalf Literary Society, '31-'32; Players' Club, '31-'32; Girls' Hi-Y, '31-'32.

A quiet little girl with a quiet little way, who will be missed when she leaves old Lane.

NANCY WORTHINGTON DONER

Society Editor *Midway Student*, '30-'31; Metcalf Literary Society, '28-'32; Girls' Glee Club, '28-'32; President, '31-'32; Girls' Reserves, '28-'30.

Nancy, our budding prima donna, stands out as one of our most prominent and entertaining Seniors.

EDWARD CRAWFORD ECHOLS

Editor-in-Chief *THE CHAIN*, '31-'32; Hayes Literary Society, '28-'29; Secretary, Junior Hi-Y, '28-'29; Student Council, '30-'31.

The combination of Ned's rare delight in primitive rhythm, a keen appreciation and enjoyment of satire, a biting cynicism, and a peculiar sense of humor, go to make him one of the most enjoyable eccentrics in school.



THE CHAIN



CORNELIA EDDINS

Joke Editor *Midway Student*, '31-'32;
Member Metcalf Literary Society, '31-
'32; Student Council, '31; Players' Club,
'31-'32; Girls' Hi-Y, '31-'32.

Cornelia has made herself popular by
her ready wit and has endeared herself
to a wide circle of friends.

ROBERT PEYTON ELLINGER

Senior Hi-Y, '29-'32; Student Council,
'30-'31.

Remember, if you flunk exams, that,
after all, a zero is nothing.

ST. ELMO ELLIOTT

President Sophomore Class, '29-'30;
Assistant Business Manager *THE CHAIN*,
'31-'32; Member Hayes Literary Society,
'28-'29; Member Senior Hi-Y, '29-'32;
Member Junior Hi-Y, '28-'29; Basketball
Squad, '30-'32; Captain Junior Football,
'30-'32.

"Saint" is one who hits the steady
stroke. With him:

"Each morning sees some task begun;
Each evening sees it close."

We predict that St. Elmo will go far.

ROGER WARREN HAMILTON GENTRY

Players' Club, '30-'32; Boys' Glee Club,
'30-'31.

Always late, that's Roger, but my! that
captivating way! 'Tis the curse of a
"Baker's" heart.

ELEANOR GRIFFITH

Glee Club, '30-'32.

Pleasant, capable, and sweet, is tall
Eleanor, who is even nicer than she is
tall.

THE CHAIN

LLEWELLYN HUNGERFORD GRIFFITH

Football Letter, '31-'32.

"Lew" with his funny cracks and breezy manner will haunt the dreams of the teachers at Lane for many a day. Here's hoping they are not nightmares.

LOUIS HANCKEL, III

"Yes—ahem—I'm the third. The third of the Hanckels, you know."

HARRIET L. HANKINS

Member Metcalf Literary Society, '28-'32; President, '30-'31; Member Girls' Glee Club, '28-'32; Secretary, '30-'31; Vice-President, '31-'32; Vice-President, Girls' Hi-Y, '31-'32; Girls' Reserves, '29-'30.

Vivacious and genial, a reliable member of the literary society and a capable stand-by in the Glee Club. That's "Hanky!"

NEWMAN HARRIS

Junior Treasurer, '29-'30; Senior President, '31-'32; Senior Hi-Y, '29-'32; Football Letter, '30-'31, '31-'32; Football Captain, '31-'32; Vice-President, Student Council, '29-'30, '30-'31, '31-'32; Boys' Glee Club, '30-'32; Track Letters, '28-'31; Captain, '30-'31; Football Squad, '28-'29.

Newman combines brains with brawn. We predict that the result will be success.

KENNETH MORE HAYES

Boys' Glee Club, '31-'32.

That bea-u-t-i-ful blush of Kenneth's is the envy of our brazen flappers who are in a "Hayes" as to its cause.



THE CHAIN



BOOTON HERNDON

Sport Editor *Midway Student*, '28-'29; Reporter, '30-'32; Senior Hi-Y, '27-'28; Football Letter, '31-'32; Players' Club, '27-'28, '30-'32; Manager Track, '30; Boys' Glee Club, '31-'32.

"Boo" has crossed Colombo's singing with Cantor's wit, and the resulting hybrid is irresistible.

JENNIE JARMAN HOLLOWAY

Midway Student Reporter, '30-'31; *Bumble Bee* Typist, '30-'31; Girls' Hi-Y, '31-'32; Girls' Glee Club, '28-'32.

"Please explain that again" may be Jennie's favorite speech, but it pays high dividends—witness her grades.

THOMAS HOPKINSON

Hi-Y, '30-'32; Secretary, '31-'32.

His curly hair and lazy drawl give Tom an appeal which the girls cannot resist. Wotta man!

DOUGLAS LEE HUMPHREYS

"Doug," though handicapped by his distant place of abode, has made many friends in Lane High and will long be remembered by his associates.

DOROTHY IRVING

Midway Student Sport Editor, '30-'31; Joke Editor *THE CHAIN*, '31-'32.

"Dot," the originator of high school static, may be seen anywhere "Franny" is seen—and that's most everywhere.

THE CHAIN

ADA COPELAND JOHNSON

For a perfect picture of Little Red Riding Hood, see "Cope" in a red coat and jacket on her way to school.

WILLIAM WILEY JOHNSON

Bill is so popular with the girls that we doubt if they will let him leave school.

BASIL GILDERSLEEVE KELLY

Senior Hi-Y, '30-'31, '31-'32.

Basil, with his faculty for being teased, getting his name in the "We Wonder" list, and preferring Sophomore ladies, is famous.

WILLIAM BERRIAN HOOPER KEPNER

Advertising Editor THE CHAIN, '31-'32; Senior Hi-Y, '30-'31, '31-'32; Junior Hi-Y, '28-'29.

Hooper's jaw is a study of rhythmical motion, as he chews his wad of gum.

CLARENCE KING, JR.

Vice-President Sophomore Class, '29-'30; Business Manager, *Midway Student*, '29-'30; Reporter, '29-'30; Sport Editor THE CHAIN, '31-'32; Hayes Literary Society, '29-'30, '30-'31, '31-'32; Junior Hi-Y, '28-'29; Junior Football Squad, '31; Junior Basketball, '32.

"Aw, nerts! All great men are dead or dying. I don't feel well myself." That's Shrimp.



THE CHAIN



LOUISE VIRGINIA LEAKE

Louise is dependable, modest, and well worth knowing.

ELINOR LUPTON

Bumble Bee Typist, '31-'32; Hayes Literary Society, '31-'32.

Elinor always makes an effective entrance to class by being thirty minutes late.

JACK PENDLETON MADDEX

Vice-President Student Council, '31-'32; Boys' Glee Club, '30-'32; *Midway Student Staff*, '31-'32.

Jack's unusual talent along dramatic lines has made him famous. His ability is recognized by both students and patrons.

ROBERT MALCOLM MADDEX

Business Manager, *Midway Student*, '29-'30, '30-'31; Treasurer, Hayes Literary Society, '31-'32; Senior Hi-Y, '29-'32; Junior Hi-Y, '28-'29; Student Council, '31-'32; President, '31; Boys' Glee Club, '31-'32.

"A lion among ladies is a most dangerous thing"—yet "Mac" is one species the girls always welcome.

CAROLYN MARTHA MADDOX

O-o-o-oh! I'm thrilled to the utmost of my emotions! I'm so excited! Whoops!

THE CHAIN

IRENE MANN

Senior Testator, '31-'32; Exchange Editor, *Midway Student*, '31-'32; Hayes Literary Society, '31-'32; Student Council, '32.

Irene is always worked up about something. Her cleverness in writing and her continuous chatter have distinguished her as one of our "Who's Who."

LUCY OLIVIA MARTIN

"Lu" possesses a charming smile and is an extremely pleasant conversationalist.

MARY WINGFIELD MORRIS

Metcalf Literary Society, '30-'32.

"Oh, Mr. Hilldrup, how could I hear you? I was talking to Joyce."

JOE C. MUSTARD

Metcalf Literary Society, '30-'31; Student Council Treasurer, '31; Baseball Letter, '31.

Our shy little Joe has undergone a complete metamorphosis this year and has become a dangerous lady-killer.

WILLIE PEYTON NORFORD

G. A. A. Board, '31-'32.

Peyton's calm sedateness has won him many admirers in the years he has been with us.



THE CHAIN



EDWARD NUTTY

Ed has been told his name fits him so often that he is beginning to believe it himself.

THOMAS JOSEPH PHILLIPS

Senior Hi-Y, '30-'32; Football Letter, '30-'31.

"Tommie" is not a ladies' man, but he is a great favorite with the boys.

MAMIE BELLE POINDEXTER

Studiosness and fidelity are Mamie's outstanding characteristics. These, combined with her sweet and jolly disposition, make Mamie a popular girl.

ALICE ISABEL REDDISH

Student Council, '28-'29; Metcalf Literary Society, '31-'32.

"Isie" is a great favorite with both teachers and pupils. If one knows Isabel, this is not hard to understand.

JAMES PARHAM ROBINSON, JR.

"J. P." spends the greater part of his time doing very little—except studying. He is quite a character!

THE CHAIN

ADELAIDE SAUNDERS

Midway Student Society Editor, '31-'32; Feature Editor, *THE CHAIN*, '31-'32; Reporter, *Midway Student*, '30-'31; Hayes Literary Society, '31-'32; Players' Club, '31-'32; Girls' Glee Club, '30-'32; Accompanist, Boys' Glee Club, '31-'32.

With her sparkling sense of humor and her famous giggle, "Dutchie" is a very popular young thing. Her music, her laughter, and her common sense are indispensable to the Seniors.

MADELINE SHACKLEFORD

Hayes Literary Society, '29-'30.

Everyone likes "Pink," especially the student teachers! Besides being one of the best ornaments, she also denies the "beautiful but dumb" slogan.

LUCILLE DOSWELL SHELTON

A sweet, shy smile, a soft low voice, work well done—that's Lucille.

THOMAS ROGERS SHEPHERD

Member Senior Hi-Y, '31-'32; Member Boys' Glee Club, '30-'31; Vice-President, Boys' Glee Club, '31-'32; Business Manager, *THE CHAIN*, '31-'32; Member Baseball Squad, '31.

Who's that lucky rascal leaving at recess? Tommy, of course. With his amiable ways and hearty laugh, who doesn't like Tom?

ELIZABETH CHRISTINE SHIFLETT

Midway Student Reporter, '28-'30; News Editor, '30-'31; Editor-in-Chief, '31-'32; Players' Club, '29-'32; Girls' Glee Club, '29-'32; Girls' Hi-Y, '31-'32; President Hayes Literary Society, '31-'32.

The *Midway Student* owes much of its unusual success to the efficient leadership of "Libbs."



THE CHAIN



CECELIA SMITH

Cecelia's quiet, unobtrusive ways greatly appeal to her numerous friends. She will be missed by her teachers.

EDITH LOUISE SMITH

In one year, Edith has made a real place for herself in Lane. The Math. classes have been hard put to it to keep up with the dizzy pace she sets.

VIRGINIA SNYDER

Exchange Editor THE CHAIN, '31-'32; Metcalf Literary Society, '31-'32.

"Snippy," though rather quiet and retiring, is one of the most important girls in the class. This sounds like antithesis, but she owes her widespread popularity to her charming personality.

ROBERT C. SOURS

Baseball Letter, '31; Football Squad, '30-'31.

"Bob" is one of those fellows who will not have to be pushed over the top; he'll climb.

BETSY WILKERSON STALLINGS

Member Metcalf Literary Society, '29-'32; Member Student Council, '28-'29; Member Players' Club, '30-'32; Member Girls' Glee Club, '31-'32.

Like a breath of springtime from an old romance, a dream of lavender and old lace, Betsy smiles her way through a work-a-day world.

THE CHAIN

JOYCE ELIZABETH SULLIVAN

Metcalf Literary Society, '29-'32; President, '31-'32; Players' Club, '29-'32; President, '31-'32; Girls' Glee Club, '28-'32; Treasurer, '30-'31; Secretary, '31-'32; Club Reporter, *Midway Student*, '30-'31; Cheer Leader, '31-'32.

If we could keep Joyce a little while longer, the list of her activities would cover a whole page, not just a half. Anyone — teacher or pupil — who wants something done, calls on Joyce.

RALPH RANDALL TALLEY

Basketball Squad, '31-'32; Boys' Glee Club, '30-'32.

With the departure of Randall, there will be an empty place in the Boys' Glee Club, which can never be filled, for few boys possess such a tenor as he.

CARRIE E. TAYLOR

Carrie is one of our most demure Seniors. She is a good sedative for the nerves of teachers with unruly classes.

ALEXANDER J. VON THELEN, JR.

Senior Editor, *THE CHAIN*, '31-'32; Metcalf Literary Society, '31-'32; President, "Black Bishop" Chess Club; Senior Hi-Y, '31-'32.

With just one year in Lane High, "Alec" has set up a record for a year's work that will probably never be equalled.

ELIZABETH THOMAS

"Betty," with her raven hair, is a great favorite at Lane.



THE CHAIN



MARY TOPPING

Mary, in a nurse's cap and uniform, will be sympathetic and efficient, smoothing the fevered brow of pain.

LILLIAN UPDIKE

Although Lillian is one of our more mysterious classmates, we feel that it would be worth while to know her better.

CONSTANCE VELLE

Girls' Glee Club, '31-'32.

Constance's dark-haired beauty might have stirred the hearts of ancient Greece.

ROLAND VAN WARD

Member Senior Hi-Y, '31-'32; Treasurer, Senior Class, '31-'32; Assistant Editor, *Midway Student*, '31-'32; Photo Editor, *THE CHAIN*, '31-'32.

Van is the most efficient and versatile member of the class. He was the general handy-man of the staff, doing all jobs with equal ease.

SIDNEY WATSON

Member Senior Hi-Y, '30-'32; Assistant Photo Editor, *THE CHAIN*, '30-'31; Photo Editor, '31-'32.

"If girls interfere with work — why work?" says Sidney.

THE CHAIN

MARGARET UNDERWOOD WHITE

Poetry Editor *Bumble Bee*, '30-'31;
Hayes Literary Society, '29-'32; Players'
Club, '29-'32.

Margaret's distinctly good poetic contributions have kept the *Bumble Bee* on its feet for four years. We hope to see a collected volume of her poems soon.

HILDA YOUNG

Typist *Bumble Bee*, '30-'31; Girls' Glee
Club, '31-'32.

Hilda's pleasing personality and blonde hair make her an outstanding and attractive member of the Senior Class.



These Members of the Graduating Class of 1932 Did Not Have Their Pictures Taken

HAROLD BARNETTE—Not only the football squad but the class rooms will miss "Red's" staunch support in crises.

FENDOL CARTER—You'd never guess that Fendol was one of the swiftest members of the relay team when you see him coming in late daily.

FRANCES BOWEN—Frances' unruffled equanimity and warm heart will be of great assistance to her in later years.

STEGEER MCCOY—Steger's ambition to be an aviator keeps him up in the air most of the time.

HAZEL MASSIE—Calm as a summer morning, the frets and worries of school life leave little imprint on Hazel's sunny disposition.

JACK MITCHELL—The most supple member of the football team is one of Jack's claims to distinction.

HENRY PORTER—The girls just simply cannot resist Henry's polished, urbane manner. More power to him!

WILLARD QUARLES—When the court jester speaks, everybody laughs. Willard's clowning has gotten him into and out of many tight places.

WYCHE ROBINSON—The first spring robin is no more welcome than Wyche's wide-open smile.

ERNEST SMITH—The fact that the girls all love a uniform may account in part for Ernest's amatory successes.

DUFFEL WATSON—Good-natured as are all lazy people, Duffel spends a big part of the day catching up lost sleep.

ALICE WRIGHT—One of the fortunate ones who completed all work for graduation in February, Alice awaited the happy day without qualms.

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Class History



ANOTHER Senior Class is leaving Lane High, not without regret when we think of all the happy, hectic hours we have spent here. We hope that those who carry on will not forget us entirely and that some may enjoy reading our story.

In 1928 we entered Lane High School and have cluttered up the halls from that time to the present. We were all as green a bunch of "Freshies" as possible. We were utterly bewildered at the difference between grammar school and independent high school. Registration, new teachers, changing classes, lordly seniors, and dark halls heightened the effect. For the first few days we were entirely lost. The first freshman meeting was anything but an organized affair. Somehow or other we managed to elect our officers: Betty House, president; Lankford Campbell, vice-president; Eloise Bishop, secretary; and Ed. Mason, treasurer. The "Freshman Mixer" broke the ice between the two freshman groups (Venable and Midway) and we enjoyed munching cakes and ice cream cones, and playing various games. After we had gotten almost accustomed to finding our way to classes, the various clubs descended from their pedestals and condescended to invite some of us to join their numbers. Try-outs and initiations of all sorts followed. We Freshmen, giggling and scared, did our best and finally found ourselves in various organizations. Then followed an assembly in which we were duly welcomed as HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS and were enlightened on various puzzling matters. Work in large doses followed this—after those first bewildered months we had begun to find out what it was all about and had decided that we liked it—it being high school.

As Sophomores we trod with surer steps. Now *we* could direct misguided Freshmen the way to the library. We adored our new principal, Mr. Sulfridge (maybe not when we were now and then "sent to the office"). We again chose our leaders, this time entirely masculine in gender. St. Elmo Elliott headed the list of officers as president. Various curricular and extra-curricular affairs followed. Society meetings. Class meetings. Exams. "The Noble Outcast," the annual play of the Players' Club was thrillingly enacted before our appreciative selves. Class night and signing in departing seniors' annuals were fun, too.

Our Junior year found us even more self-assured. We knew *all* about it now. We were now full-fledged high school students, not as green as Freshmen, and not as full of responsibility as the bustling Seniors. We elected Miss Florence Buford as sponsor of our class. Lindsay Blanton became our president. Then followed many exciting doings. There were so many attrac-

THE CHAIN

tive occupations not to mention work. Football games, Hi-Y dances, Players' Club meetings, pep assemblies, playlets—all brightened the monotony of study—especially the Buford vs. Riedel pep meetings! Stunt night on January 10, 1931, provided a brand new attraction. Each class put on a program. We Juniors gave a hospital scene. Booton Herndon was operated on for "girls on the brain." "Dr." Tom Parrott performed the cure, attended by several pretty nurses. We went to see "Don't Wake the Wife" (Players' Club masterpiece) in full force and split our sides laughing. Then vacation!

Seniors at last! How sweet the coveted word sounded. After practicing for some time, we managed to swell out our chests to the correct proportions due our position. Newman Harris was elected our president; Lindsay Blanton, vice-president; Eloise Bishop, secretary; and Van Ward, treasurer. "Bruno," our most famous canine, was also unanimously elected as class mascot. Dr. Lucy T. Jones, though not officially appointed, elected herself his feeder. Oh, what choice tid-bits "the lucky dog" received at recess.

Immediately we were besieged by people wanting us to pay our senior dues; if not these, some plea for money. How we survived is unknown. The new lunch room supplied us with proper nourishment in the form of soup, milk, candy, and sandwiches, so that we managed to carry on our work as (not-so) dignified Seniors. Work on this annual, with Ned Echols in charge, occupied quite a percentage of our number. Under Elizabeth Shiflett's guidance *The Midway Student* kept up its splendid record and had a very successful year. Then "Adam and Eva," the new play had to be practiced. All was rather a mad scramble, with several bad cases of spring fever, too. The senior play, class night, the senior banquet, and finally graduation!



BRUNO

Senior Prophecy

O many questions have resulted from the Echols-King Mars Expedition, which stirred the world to such a frenzy in 1945, that I have taken it upon myself to tell briefly all of the facts about this enterprise.

We shall start with the inventive genius, Clarence King, who really was the originator of this daring scheme to link two worlds. In his early days at Lane Hi, he realized the power of elasticity, by experimenting with rubber-bands and paper clips. Backed by N. Crawford Echols, billionaire "Follies" producer, he pursued his studies, and, with the aid of consulting engineers, Malcolm Maddex and Henry Porter, soon found that it was possible to project himself to Mars.

Then the work began. It is no easy job to prepare for a 35,000,000-mile trip, and King's proficiency experts, James Bralley and Tom Shepherd, were kept busy. They realized the enormous amount of food needed so they entrusted the matter in the hands of Peyton Ellinger, the owner of the world's largest chain stores. His private secretaries, Eleanor Griffith, Cornelia Eddins, and Elinor Lupton; their stenographers, Anna Coleman, Jennie Holloway, Louise Bailey, Lucy Martin, and Copeland Johnson; and the manager of the Charlottesville district, Kenneth Hayes, all deserve special credit. Even the office boy, Ralph Britton, rendered an inestimable service by supplying the expedition with the best chewing gum.

Mary Moore Davis and B. G. Kelley, aided by Lillian Updike and Carrie Taylor, had charge of the home economics department.

King's lieutenants also realized that they must be prepared for any sort of trouble, so they rounded up five All-American football players—Tommy Phillips, Willard Quarles, Norborne Cole, Harold Barnette, and Lou Griffith. Efforts were made to secure Newman Harris, captain of the All-American team, and Lindsay Blanton, but these two had signed contracts to coach the Lane Hi football squad, the only high school team to defeat the University of Southern California.

Bralley and Shepherd spared neither time nor effort to get the best actors on the stage and screen for the passengers' amusement—Roger Gentry and Frances Baker, stars of "Helen General" with the cast including Betsy Stallings, and Joyce Sullivan, Bill Alwood, soloist supreme, and Barbara Bailey, internationally famous hula-hula dancer; Dot Irving and Frances Blankinship, who discovered perpetual motion in the human tongue, and Adelaide Saunders, novelty giggler who plays her own accompaniment on the piano.

The library was well stocked with books and magazines, including "Blah" edited by Irene Mann, "Bunk," edited by Margaret White, and "The Smokehouse Monthly," with Virginia Snyder in charge. The press was represented by Jock Cunningham and Elizabeth Shifflett of the *New York Times* and *Charlottesville Guide Consolidated*.

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Van Ward and Sidney Watson were to be the photographers, but they dissolved all the film before they started by brushing it with Pepsodent Tooth Paste.

Mary Morris, the corresponding secretary, was terribly overworked. The following business women of America were picked to join her staff: Katherine Bunting, Frances Bowen, Eliza Brooks, Louise Leake, Elizabeth Bailey, and Isabel Reddish. St. Elmo Elliott was in charge of the Post Office, while Duffel Watson's mathematical brain solved many problems in the delivery.

In the meantime Peyton Norford and Wyche Robinson had agreed to take over the cafeteria; William Johnson acted as manager; and Hooper Kepner, resplendent in a green and blue tuxedo was head waiter with several Follies girls, Madeline Shackelford, Nancy Doner, Hazel Massie, Marion Coleman, and Harriet Hankins, who tapped around with the trays.

Such a magnificent enterprise would naturally be hard to keep secret, and King finally found a set of plans missing. Alexander Von Thelen, by projecting himself into the fifty-second dimension, had gotten them out of the tin safe.

Joe Mustard, famous detective, was put on the job, and with the aid of Policewomen Lucille Shelton, Mary Topping, and Edith Smith landed Von Thelen behind the bars. But again he projected himself into the fifty-second dimension, which, by the way, he had discovered, and thus he escaped under the very noses of Robert Sours and Jack Mitchell, trusted guards.

The additional members of the crew were Father James Robinson, who led the devotions; Sister Alice Wright, a dependable and religious nurse; Tom Hopkinson, famous radio and wireless expert; and Constance Velle, the operator of the small but elaborate telephone system.

When the plans became known, searchers for peace and quiet sent in applications to accompany the expedition to Mars. Elise Baugh, Carolyn Maddox, and Eloise Bishop went along in the hope that they would live happily married lives on Mars with their sweethearts of high school days.

Work was halted momentarily by the assassination of Louis Hanckel, III. It is the writer's opinion that E. R. Riedel, crazed by the wisecracks of Mr. Hanckel, did the dirty deed.

Finally work was completed, and the space-ship was ready to start. Several inner tubes were joined, and the ship, shaped like a bent paper clip, was projected.

The ship kept steadily on its course toward Mars for two days. Then, on the night of July 2, 1945, the catastrophe occurred. According to an eminent astronomer, the ship met with some smaller object, the shape of an earthly aeroplane. It was driven by Steger McCoy, who had taken off two years before and had forgotten how to land. This plane broke the propellor of the spaceship and the two ships were caught between the gravitational powers of the earth and the sun. The 1932 Senior Class of Lane High School has been in the air ever since.

THE CHAIN

Class Will



WE, the Class of 1932 of Lane High School, realizing that our days of sanity are about to come to their conclusion on account of the almost superhuman efforts of our exceedingly industrious Faculty, do now draw up this, our last Will and Testament.

ITEM I

We bequeath to our respected Superintendent, beloved Principal, and excellent Faculty our sincerest gratitude for their never-tiring attempt to remodel us. We also leave to them a part of our incredibly vast store of knowledge to be divided among them as they think fitting. By this we hope that they will be able to widen their scope of knowledge enormously and be better able to contend with future classes.

ITEM II

To our much-loved sponsor, Miss Lucy T. Jones, we leave our hearty appreciation for her labors on our behalf. Then, too, we confer on her a Senior Class which will observe parliamentary order in its meetings. We also leave the hope that some day she may discover a Virgil Class as brilliant as the one which departs this year.

ITEM III

To the class which will succeed us we bequeath all our hats, caps, and other headgear, having completely outgrown them in the course of our Senior year. We also leave them the hope that the occupants of Rooms 11 and 12 may reach some agreement in regard to that elusive Senior Banner.

ITEM IV

We do not wish our great gratitude to the members of the Faculty to be shown by mere words; therefore, we desire to confer upon them certain gifts by which we may be remembered and our appreciation to them more adequately expressed.

"Boo" Herndon desires to impart to Mr. Hilldrup the great accomplishment of playing Frankenstein.

We present to Miss Reynolds a class absolutely devoid of heel-and-toe taps.

To Miss Horwitz we leave an Annual Staff bubbling over with snappy and original ideas.

We will to Miss Sheppe a Senior Class which will need to be kept in only once a week.

To Mr. Riedel we bequeath our hope that some day he may invent or discover the one formula for making perfect vegetable soup at the least possible cost.

For the benefit of future students of Lane High, we present to Mr. Lacy a Lab. at a distance of fifty yards from the school building.

We leave to Miss Brown a library with space for all the books.

To Miss Schuder we leave a gold-mounted stick with which to exercise her prerogatives when on Hall Duty.

We bestow upon Miss Johnston a really ambitious Hayes Literary Society.

ITEM V

There are certain members of the Senior Class who feel it their Christian duty to impart some of their more remarkable characteristics to their less fortunate

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fellow-students. We hope that the recipients of these treasures will guard them with their very lives and cherish them forever.

With all due respect, Eloise Bishop donates her unmanageable blush to Virginia Lee Croissant.

Clarence King wills his supercilious airs and enormous brain to Hunter Hughes.

Adelaide Saunders leaves her perpetual animation and endless flow of wise cracks to Margaret Hulvey.

Roger Gentry gives his never-failing ability to be on time to B. B. Woodson.

Newman Harris relinquishes his huge grin to J. Y. Brown.

Frances Baker imparts her desire for Roger Gentry's affections to Louise Keister.

Ned Echols gives his Latinistic mind to Bobby Cole.

Dorothy Irving wishes her unquenchable loquacious propensity to be distributed among the members of the Junior, Sophomore, and Freshman classes, and the remainder to be securely locked in a safety vault.

Frances Blankinship wills her artistic temperament and back-slapping proclivity to Lawrence Theimer that he may uphold her reputation in every respect.

Van Ward confers his executive ability and fondness for cakes upon Whitton Morse.

Malcolm Maddox leaves his breath-taking color combinations to Boyd Hoffer.

Sidney Watson presents his magnificent conceit to Hudson Cole.

Lew Griffith imparts his mathematical brilliance and sex appeal to Charles Evans.

Basil Kelly bestows his knowledge of the world in general and women in particular to Alpha Miller.

Margaret White's poetic genius is handed down to Ruth Peterson.

Lindsay Blanton transfers his athletically-inclined mind to Franklin Davis.

Jock Cunningham passes his literary attainments on to Delbert Jeter.

Knowing that he will appreciate this honor and will carry out our wishes to the best of his ability, we appoint Mr. C. J. M. Blume executor of this will.

In witness thereof, I have hereunto subscribed my name and affixed my seal this thirty-first day of May in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and thirty-two.

IRENE MANN, *Testator*,
Class of 1932.

Subscribed, sealed, published, and declared by the Senior Class of 1932 above named, as and for its last will, in presence of each of us, who, at its request, in its presence, in presence, in presence of each other, at the same time have hereunto subscribed our names as witnesses this March 10, 1932, at the City of Charlottesville, County of Albemarle, and State of Virginia.

HOLLIS FITCH,
LEO SMITH,
JIMMIE MAUPIN.

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JUNIOR CLASS

1932

THE CHAIN

Junior Class

OFFICERS

President.....JEANETTE PETTY *Secretary*.....MARJORIE MURCH
Vice-President.....CHARLES EVANS *Treasurer*.....FENDOL CARTER
Sponsor.....Miss WEBB BROWN

Jack Alwood
 Mary L. Anderson
 Winston Armentrout
 Helen Ballard
 Sara Baptist
 Lucy Baylor
 Neva Blakey
 Clinton Boze
 Lucille Bragg
 Frances Breeden
 Myrtle Breeden
 J. Y. Brown
 Helen Brunton
 Ellena Bunch
 Eleanor Burch
 Constance Campbell
 Fendol Carter
 Earl Chisholm
 Frances Clarke
 Hartwell Clarke
 Virginia Clarke
 Louise Coffey
 Hudson Cole
 Robert Cole
 Isabel Costan
 Martha Coulter
 Nelson Coward
 Franklin Davis
 Pauline Davis
 Fred Disque
 Adeline Duke
 Josephine Eades
 Rosser Eastham
 John Etherton
 Charles Evans
 Harrison Faulkner
 Gus Fekas
 Hollis Fitch
 Miriam Franke
 Randolph French
 Elizabeth Gagas
 Raymond Garland

Graydon Garrette
 Ethel Gay
 Aleata Gibson
 Gertrude Gitchell
 Altha Glover
 Carter Graves
 Bertha Haggard
 Doris Harlan
 Ruby Hawkins
 Lois Herring
 Boyd Hoffer
 Audrey Hoge
 Richard Hoge
 Erline Honeycutt
 Edward Hopkinson
 Marguerite Houchens
 Maxine Houchens
 Betty House
 Stanley House
 Hunter Hughes
 Margaret Hulvey
 Delbert Jeter
 Louise Johnson
 William C. Jones
 Anne Lacy
 Raymond Lang
 Elizabeth Lee
 Landon Maddex
 Lemuel Mahanes
 May Marston
 Ben Miller
 Lucy Miller
 Mary Jane Miller
 Rebecca Miller
 Rhea Miller
 Virginia Minter
 Ernest Mitchell
 Clara M. Morris
 Whitton Morse
 Marjorie Murch
 Margaret Norvelle

Kitty O'Brien
 Clara Odle
 Phoebe Ogilvie
 Alma Parr
 Mattie Perkins
 Ruth Peterson
 Jeanette Petty
 Vernon Quarles
 Anne Quisenberry
 Agnes Ramsey
 Elizabeth Robinson
 Clara Rodgers
 Bernice Robertson
 Albert Rubin
 Cecil Runkle
 John Shepherd
 Augusta Smith
 Curtis Smith
 Leo Smith
 Mary Louise Smith
 Merle Southall
 Allan Spitzer
 Bill Stallings
 Hugh Sulfridge
 Emma F. Swindler
 Dorothy Tarleton
 Dorothy Thomas
 Elizabeth Vaughan
 Alice Vest
 Joyce Vest
 Harry Wheeler
 Herman Wheeler
 Mary Whitlock
 Eleanor Williams
 Elizabeth Williams
 Elizabeth Wilkerson
 Charles Windes
 Dudley Windes
 Marian Wood
 B. B. Woodson
 Henrietta Yowell
 Dan Yuter

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SOPHOMORE CLASS

1932

THE CHAIN

Sophomore Class

OFFICERS

<i>President</i>	BILL ARUNDALE
<i>Vice-President</i>	WILLIAM B. JONES
<i>Secretary</i>	STELLA CRITZER
<i>Treasurer</i>	NEVILLE WOOD
<i>Sponsor</i>	MRS. E. O. MCCUE, JR.

Alice Adams
 Eddie B. Andrews
 Bill Arundale
 Howald Bailey
 Earl Barnette
 George Bean
 Lora Beazley
 Dorothy Beck
 Herman Bickers
 Edith Bishop
 Daniel Black
 Ethel Blankinship
 Hope Bowen
 Alonzo Bragg
 Margaret Burgess
 John T. Calhoun
 Sally Lee Carter
 Ada Catterton
 Finks Catterton
 James Clarity
 Dennis Clark
 Florence Clark
 Francis Clark
 Carter Cole
 Ellen Coleman
 Virginia Coleman
 Billy Combs
 Helen Cowles
 Walter Couturier
 Clara Critzer
 Stella Critzer
 Virginia Dabney
 Mamie Davis
 Rosa Davis
 Thelma Davis
 William Dawson
 Benjamin Dickerson
 Rea Diggs
 Donald Dollins
 Clair Dollins
 Calvin Doner
 Gladys Duff
 A. T. Dulaney
 Helen Dunsmore
 Stuart Dunsmore
 Dorothy Easton
 Esther Elliott
 Angelo Ferland
 Raymond Feuchtenberger
 Dorothy Gay
 Lillian Gay
 Virginia Gay

Evelyn Gibson
 Richard Gilbert
 Franklin Giles
 Laura Gitchell
 Harold Glascock
 Cornelia Graves
 Porter Graves
 Abner Haden
 Eleanor Hall
 Gilmer Hall
 Stellar Hamm
 Virginia Harris
 Joyce Hawkins
 Carl Hart
 Fannie Hogan
 Edward Huffman
 Edwin Irvin
 Maxine Jenkins
 Harold Johnson
 Mary Porter Jones
 William B. Jones
 Margaret Kase
 Gertrude La Force
 Edith Lang
 Elizabeth Leake
 James Logan
 John Markell
 Philip Markwood
 Joe Massey
 Thelma Marshall
 Ernest Matacia
 Jimmy Maupin
 Elberta Maxwell
 Ruth McAlexander
 Lilyan McClung
 Ashby McMullen
 Florence Michtom
 Mary E. Minor
 Alpha Miller
 Ashton Miller
 Bettie Mitchell
 Hazel Mitchell
 Jerome Moore
 Helen Morrison
 Mac Moyer
 James Mundy
 Elizabeth Nalley
 Frances Neale
 Anna Nimmo
 Beulah Odle

Helen Odle
 Willard Odle
 Carrie Parr
 James Payne
 Kate Perley
 Ethel Ponton
 Eugene Porter
 Ruby Powell
 Roger Pugh
 Eleanor Quarles
 Ruby Ramsey
 Ruth Ramsey
 Mary Rea
 Richard Robinson
 Virginia Robinson
 Helen Rosenblatt
 Elinor Ross
 Stuart Shelton
 Allie Short
 Clarice Smith
 Frances Smith
 Gertrude Smith
 Katherine Smith
 Myrtle Smith
 Sandy Smith
 Julian Souder
 Charles Sours
 Howard Stahl
 Dan Taylor
 Lancelot Taylor
 Oswald Taylor
 Warner Taylor
 Bernard Terrill
 Bernard Thacker
 Lawrence Theimer
 Helen Thomas
 Edward Thompson
 Elizabeth Travis
 Carl Updike
 Elsie Updike
 Waddell Updike
 Virginia Utz
 Manley Wade
 Louise Ward
 Garth Wheeler
 James Wiebel
 Mildred Wilkerson
 Kathleen Wood
 Neville Wood
 George Woodward
 Louise Young
 Mary Young

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FRESHMAN CLASS

1932

THE CHAIN

Freshman Class

OFFICERS

<i>President</i>	JOE DISQUE
<i>Vice-President</i>	JIMMIE MATACTA
<i>Secretary</i>	HAZEL ELLINGTON
<i>Treasurer</i>	FLORENCE CHISHOLM
<i>Sponsor</i>	MISS NICKELS

Roscoe Adams	Dorothy Darnell	George Hill	Grace Maria Ricks
Florence Allen	Elsie Davis	Margaret Haden	Carden Robinson
William Edward Allan	Velva Doris Davis	Clyde Holloway	Josephine Robinson
Margaret Alwood	Sudie Dickerson	Ivan Huffman	Marie Robinson
Ernest Anthony	Lena Dinges	Edwin Hutter	Dorothy Ryan
Billy Archer	Sarah Dinwiddie	Sue Irving	Henry Sandridge
Glynn Amiss	Joe Disque	Elmer Johnson	Marvin Sandridge
Helen Bailey	Jane Doner	Elizabeth Kaufman	David Shipp
Maxine Barnett	Ruby Dudley	Lida Kepner	Mary Virginia Shiflett
Dorothy Baugh	Ruth Dudley	Douglas Kincaid	Alice Smith
Franklin Beddow	Albert Dulaney	Virginia Lang	William Smithey
Louis Bennett	Paul Dunsmore	Fountain Leake	Bill Snively
Walter Bickers	Ida Mae Early	Philip Leake	Louise Spencer
Emma Mae Bibb	Hazel Ellington	Nancy Lee	Truman Southall
Hugh Birkhead	Dolores Ellington	David Lewis	Andrew Southworth
Charles Bishop	Ethel Elliott	Helen Maddex	Harry Stahl
Elma Bishop	Fannie Mae Elliott	John Manahan	Meredith Stevens
Raymond Bishop	Garland Elliott	Charles Maphis	Clarence Stockdale
Madelyn Borden	Laura Mae Estes	Doris Maupin	Mildred Stockton
Maurice Bray	Willie Farish	Fred Martin	Bertha Stoneburner
James Brogan	Susie Finley	Gertie Mawyer	Mildred Stoneburner
Charles Brown	James Flagg	Kenneth Maxcy	Jack Tatem
Richard Brown	Katherine Forbes	Mary McCauley	Martha Taylor
Richard Bryan	Myrtle French	Eugenia Miller	Floyd Thacker
Frank Bruffey	Ben Garrett	Margaret Miller	Virginia Thomas
Floyd Buck	James Garth	Stanley Mooney	Helen Thompson
Robert Buck	Jack Gay	Marie Moore	Rudolph Tomlin
Margaret Bunting	Willard Geer	Jean Odendahl	Dorothy Towsey
Frank Buntin	Madeline Glass	Carline Overman	Wilmer Vanderberg
Fred Burch	Robert Glover	Charles Overman	William Van Lear
Eugene Caffey	George Gajigianis	Gus Pappas	Bernice Vest
Claude Carmichael	Clarence Goodyear	Ellen Payne	Louise Wade
Glovena Cason	Myrtle Graves	Beulah Perkins	Donald Walters
Helen Carter	Katherine Greaver	Herbert Perkins	Helen Walton
James Robert Carter	Robert Giedd	Lena Perry	Josephine Walton
John Lewis Carter	Robert Gunn	Carrie Peterson	Howard Wilkerson
Louvenia Carter	Edward Hase	Bradley Peyton	Ida Williams
Edythe Cash	Billy Haden	Katherine Pierce	Elizabeth Wilson
Katheryn Carver	Claude Haggard	Fred Phillips	Eugene Wingfield
Marie Couturier	Peyton Harris	Janet Pond	Polly Wiseman
Goldie Chiles	Laurence Hawkins	Alma Portch	Elizabeth Womack
Florence Chisholm	Russell Hawkins	Woodie Poss	Dorothy Wood
Eugenie Christian	Elizabeth Howerton	Frances Preddy	Louise Wood
James Clark	Nancy Herr	Kathleen Pritchett	Mable Wood
John Coleman	Philip Henshaw	Louis Profit	Virginia Wood
Martha Colcock	Lilia Hildebrand	Henry Purvis	Robert Wynne
Joe Crowder	Ernest Hill	Louise Ramsay	Geneva Young
Hugh Arnold Danner		Cecil Reed	Phyllis Young

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February Freshmen

Dorothy Breeden
Stratton Brown
Arthur Bunch
Gene Burrage
Lonnie Cash
Alice Chiles
Bobbie Chisholm
Mary Crockett
Carl Deane
Robert Deane
Mildred Durham
Phyllis Early
Edna Easton
Kathryn Fastner
Tula Fekas
Josephine Ferland
John Fitch
Thelma Fitch
Jack Fout
Arlene Franke
Harvey Gibson
Lloyd Giles
Pearl Giles
Dixie Golladay
Sue Gooch

Clarence Goodyear
Cynthia Graves
Ralph Graves
Earl Hale
Raymond Hall
Virginia Hall
Ernest Hamilton
George Hamm
Louie Harlan
Lloyd Harlowe
Edith Heermance
Charles Henshaw
Marjorie Herring
Reginald Hibbert
Frank Higgins
Virginia Hoge
Everett Huckstep
Harry James
Roe Jarman
Nancy Jefferies
Mary Johnson
Jack Jones
Ophelia King
Lester Lacy
Anna Lawrence

Frances Lee
Lucy Bell Linton
Edith Marshall
Roger Massie
James Matacia
Billy Maupin
Oscar Maupin
Sophia Meeks
Mary Moore
Douglas Morris
Betty Murch
Franklin Muse
Thomas Nalley
Catherine Nuss
Russell Payne
William Porter
Catherine Roberts
Sclater Sadler
Gordon Sandridge
Mildred Savage
George Scruggs
Margaret Shaffer
Natalie Smith
Holt Souder
Henry Spicer

Irma Sprouse
Gail Taylor
John Taylor
Marion Taylor
Earl Thacker
Claudia Thomas
Helen Thomas
Josephine Thomas
Louise Thomas
Myrtle Thomas
Ruth Thompson
Cecelia Valentine
Anne Van Doren
Louis Van Lear
Beverly Walker
Josephine Walker
Frank Wheat
Joseph Wheeler
Marshall Whitlash
Alice Whitlock
Mildred Wiant
Arthur Wood
Luke Wood
Miriam Yuter
Ida Zimmerman



Script

The River of Dreams

MARGARET WHITE, '32

*Imagination clamors, demands to be released—
And so, to help the river of my visions be increased,
I open wide the portals to Imagination's streams
And let my fancy hasten to the river of my dreams.*

*Imagination's carried on the river's shining face
To the land of Make-Believe, the fairies' 'biding place.
I pause, but in the distance the glowing river gleams,
Beckoning me onward, this river of my dreams.*

*Imagination lingers by castles in the air
And tries to scale the ramparts to see what's hidden there.
Behind the castle's grimness, a goblin forest seems
To cast a gloomy shadow o'er the river of my dreams.*

*And now a pirate vessel, a galleon so gray
It makes my fancy falter—it steals the dream away—
The current changes, backward flows, the light of reason gleams—
I dare not now sail longer on the river of my dreams.*

*But out beyond the margin of the mundane world, I know
It's waiting, and sometime again, when winds of fancy blow,
I'll seek once more its shores where sleepy poppies gleam,
And sail again and yet again this river of my dreams.*

Number III

JAMES H. LOGAN, '34

UST three blocks away from where I stood and casually surveyed my drab, dirty surroundings was an entirely different Arabia from that which I now gazed upon with a sort of half-hidden disgust. Here was the Arabia of centuries ago. The dark, dirty streets and the miserable filthy hovels did not need the blind beggars, veiled women, and armed men to tell me that here was a part of Arabia that Cook's Tours did not show the admiring tourist. No, the tourists were shown the foreign land just three blocks away, with its paved streets, semi-modern buildings, picturesque palm trees, and were told it was raw Arabia, in oldest Asia.

But I had traveled the Orient too long to be seriously impressed by my environment and, as a result, paid little heed to the rabble that tried to block my way, begging for alms, exploiting the virtues of their sweets, and inviting me to enter their bazaars for the purpose of buying.

Indeed, I paid less attention than usual to these ordinary scenes, for I was visiting the native quarter of the city for a definite reason. I was there to find a beggar by the name of Shir Ali who was known in the files of the A. S. S. as number 112. I sought him for a definite reason. He, and only he, could tell me of A. S. S. operative number 111, who before his demise, had been Arthur Johnson, my brother.

Slowly strolling down the alley-like street, I carefully, though nonchalantly, scrutinized every beggar that impeded my progress, favoring none until I spotted him. Stopping as though to light a cigarette, I compared him with the information given me by a clerk at the government building that morning: a tall, dirty, blind beggar wearing a large silver ring upon his left hand. He would, I was told, be stationed on the east side of the street, opposite the Wailing Wall at exactly four o'clock. Glancing at my watch, I saw that it was one minute after four; so I took the chance and approached him. As I stopped in front of him, I hesitated, as though searching my pockets for loose silver. This gave me the chance to mutter the identification words provided me by the obliging government clerk. When he had signified his recognition, I dropped a coin into his proffered hand and bade him follow me.

Rounding the next corner, I started to wend my way back to the European quarters, stopping at intervals to gaze at the rugs, et cetera, displayed by swarthy merchants. These frequent stops gave me an opportunity to ascertain that the beggar was trailing me as I had ordered. I hastily tried to devise some plan by

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which I could communicate with the beggar unobserved. This matter was taken out of my hands entirely, however. The beggar hurried past me, but not before an address and time had been whispered in my ear.

I contented myself with spending the remainder of the afternoon in my hotel. Well did I know the futility of trying to hasten dealings with an Arabian.

That night at the appointed time I was waiting at the address given me by the beggar. For thirty minutes nothing happened. During that time I grimly surveyed the passing throng of whites and natives walking in the cool of the evening and reviewed in my mind the busy life I had led for the past three years. First had come the news of Art's death, then his body. Soon after the funeral I closed up my home in England and came to the Orient, determined to avenge my brother's murder. The East was not new to me. As a boy I had lived there for several years and since my arrival three years ago I had explored a great part of it in my seemingly futile search for information. Those three years had left their stamp on me. The heat, bad weather, rotten food, polluted water, and other conditions that I had encountered had changed a large iron-nerved Englishman into the thin, nervous person that I now was. I'm afraid I showed my state of nerves very plainly by starting when someone lightly touched me on the arm and spoke into my ear.

"I say, old chap, you don't happen to have a light, do you?" Muttering some unintelligible reply, I passed him my lighter and accepted a cigar from his case. I was rather shocked when he asked me if I were not Sir Lionel Johnson. I replied that I was. I could not imagine what had prompted his question as I had scanned his features sharply and could not remember ever having seen him before. He said nothing more but asked me if I would join him in a cup of coffee at one of the near-by shops, a request which something urged me to accept.

After we were comfortably seated and served, he turned to me and abruptly opened the conversation.

"So you want to know about III, do you? And just why? What was Art to you? If you're one of those fortune hunters, you'll find out nothing from me."

He lapsed into moody silence, giving all his attention to the coffee before him, and giving me a chance to recover from the questions he had so impolitely hurled at me, and to ponder over the change in disposition he showed since his request for a light on the outside. Calling on all my English dignity, I replied by asking him a question.

"I beg your pardon, but I don't believe that you've introduced yourself. Also I think you might keep a civil tongue in your mouth. Now, who are you and how did you know I was looking for information about number III?"

For answer he withdrew a large silver ring from his pocket and after I had recovered from my amazement at finding he was the blind beggar of that morning, he apologized for his rudeness and proceeded to explain.

"The reason for my abruptness," he said laughingly, "isn't anything you've done, but just my anger at the thought that you were another one of Art's money-

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searching relatives. Four have already come here to ask me whether or not Art was really dead. They had designs on his private fortune, I imagine."

"They did," I replied, "but Art left everything to me. I'm his brother you know, and I want to know how he died and if there is anything I can do to avenge his death."

"Nothing," he responded. "All that was possible on this earth was done. The tale is a long and tragic one but if it will ease your mind I will repeat it to you. However, let us retire to your room at the hotel."

Some minutes later we were seated opposite each other in my large but rather warm suite at the hotel. After some moments of quiet thinking on his part, he broke the silence by beginning his tale. I shall repeat it here just as that strange Englishman known as number 112 told it to me that sultry night in Arabia.

"Ten years ago," he began, "a young Englishman inquired of a detective where he might secure lodging. That was in Mecca. I was the detective and your brother, Sir Lionel, was the young man who stopped me. During the next two months I saw quite a bit of him and as a result of my persuasion he joined the force. We soon started an active campaign of work and had many hand to hand engagements with thieves.

"Sir Lionel, I have never seen a man more blood-thirsty or cruel to be called civilized, than your brother. Give him a gun or a knife and let him smell blood and he would go wild. In his investigations he very seldom brought in a man alive. If there was only one man and himself, he would offer the man his choice of weapons for a fight to the death. If the man would not accept he would goad him until he had to fight in self defense. Needless to say, this method of capture made him many enemies among the underworld characters.

"This state of affairs existed until three years ago, just before his death, when he was captured by the brother of one of the men he had fought some years before. I heard of it, followed him, and as a result was imprisoned with him.

"It came about in this manner. Art had just been given leave for three weeks and had decided to go on a glorious spree. I believe he was half drunk when he was tricked or he would not have answered the note that was sent to him. The note requested him to come to a certain address at a certain time that night. The reason was not stated. Two hours later I by chance entered a small cafe near headquarters and while looking over the menu I found the note between the pages. Some instinct guided me to go to that address. When I arrived there I saw that it was an ordinary Arab residence but I remembered that it had been involved in some dope smuggling a few years back.

"After watching several days, I decided to enter the house and investigate. I started in the front door which I found unlocked. Something struck me. From that time I remembered nothing. When I awoke Art was beside me. He had been observing me from a small window in the room where he was being kept

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prisoner, but was unable to signal me or to call to me on account of a large Nubian who had orders to kill him immediately should he act suspiciously.

"I will skip lightly over the events of the next two days as nothing of interest or importance happened. On the third day, however, the Nubian led us down a flight of steps to a lower floor. It was as though we were living one of the Arabian Nights. Deep carpets covered the floors. Silk and velvet draped the walls, and the rooms were lighted by candles and wood fires in the fire places. Unseen braziers burned incense and gave the room the faint odor of sandal wood. There was a man in the room whom we had not noticed but who intruded into our thoughts of the moment by addressing us in perfect, purring English.

"'Good morning, my friends,' he said. 'Do come in and be seated.' He motioned to a large pile of soft pillows arranged to his left. I could not help but notice that his voice fairly dripped venom and that his eyes shone with hate. He fooled neither Art nor me with his show of politeness. We, who knew Arabs, knew that he was of the class that hated all white men and always would. His next words made us realize that he had a deeper hate for one of us than he ordinarily showed. His voice suddenly changed from the soft purring accent to a harsh one and he demanded our names and service numbers. After having received them, he explained why we were there.

"'Numbers III and 112, yes? My business concerns only number III.' He turned from me and addressed Art.

"'One year ago last week you were engaged in breaking up a gang of highwaymen in the mountains east of here. You succeeded in killing all but the leader. Him, you offered the chance to fight. He refused, demanding that he be taken in for fair trial, for he recognized you and knew that he would have no chance to win his life from you. When he refused you shot him down in cold blood. How do I know this? That man was my brother and I was one of the highwaymen. You thought me dead, but I was only wounded and as I lay there on the ground and watched you murder my brother, I resolved to avenge his death. Somehow I managed to crawl away during the night so that the soldiers that came for the dead did not get me the next morning. Today you are to answer for that crime.'

"The Nubian left the room and returned with a razor sharp scimitar and a coil of rope. Seizing Art, he bound him, despite his struggles, to a long table in one corner of the room. I started to rise to help Art, but the Arab pointed a small revolver at me and warned me that one more move from me would be my last.

"Art being bound by this time, he handed the gun to the negro and ordered him to guard me. The Arab then fastened a strange mechanism to the table which fitted over Art's chest. To one side of his face the scimitar was strapped onto a lever of the machine and in such a way that whenever Art looked straight up or to the side he saw the sword.

"'No doubt,' said the Arab, 'you wonder what this strange machine is. It is the means by which this man will either kill himself or save himself. This

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handle when thrown over will put the machine in gear. Whenever he breathes, this small rod which you see protruding from the belt across his chest will rise, push against the flat lever, which will in turn cause these two wheels to work in each other. Can you see the result?’

“I could not see the connection and I must have shown it in my face as the Arab said he would explain. He threw the lever and much to my horror I saw the machine begin to work. With each breath that Art took the small steel rod on his chest moved up and pressed against a small flat lever. This lever caused two cog wheels to work into each other. As these cogs moved they turned the axles they were on and caused another cog further down the rod to turn against the sword handle. Then I noticed that the sword had a ratchet wheel attached to the handle in such a way that as the man breathed and caused the cogs to work the sword would descend closer at each breath towards the man’s throat. Only too well did I now see the use of the peculiar contrivance.

“The Arab threw the lever that started the machine and we all, the Arab, the Nubian, and I watched the blade start its journey of death. Art was watching it as if he were hypnotized, but I saw no trace of fear on his face. He had faced death too many times to be afraid of it.

“For thirty minutes we watched that blade descend. Art had not said a word during the whole time. He just kept his eyes on that blade as it came closer. I guess he was living his life over in his mind. They say people do that just before they die. Now, however, Art looked at me and smiled.

“‘Cheerio, old chap,’ he said. ‘Guess I’m going out. If you get away let them know back home in England. Don’t imagine he’ll let you out alive though after seeing me die. No, don’t feel hard about it. You can’t do anything to help. Well, cheerio.’

“Without a definite plan I jumped, sending the Nubian sprawling, and had almost reached Art when I heard a gun explode and then I knew nothing more.

“Some time later I opened my eyes to find myself in the same room where I had first been brought and kept for two days. I sat up but immediately lay back down again. The pains in my head were terrific and upon exploration I found blood on the back of it. Then everything came back to me in a flood of memory. About an hour later I managed to rise and bathe my head. All my thoughts were naturally centered on Art. Had the knife really finished him?

“About mid-day the Arab came to me and said that Art was dead and that I would be as soon as he could think of some quiet, quick, and easy way to kill me. I asked him what he had done with Art’s body and he said he had thrown it out into the street so that it would seem that he had been killed in a street brawl. I saw red. Art’s body hurled into the dirt of the street! I jumped, but the Nubian promptly knocked me down and the Arab left. Art’s death remains one of the unsolved crimes of Arabia.

“All that day I lay in the room where I was prisoner expecting to be led to the slaughter at any time. No one came for me though. I began to suspect that

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there were only three of us in the house, the Arab, the Nubian, and myself. The Nubian brought my meals and had done all the work the day before when poor Art had been murdered. This information gave me an idea, one that I promptly put into operation.

"The Nubian was nothing but a stupid, uneducated African negro and well I knew their curiosity and superstition. These two facts were the whole basis of my plan. Taking my coat off, I went into a shadowy corner of the room and began scraping around on the floor. The Nubian immediately began to look for me. When he found me, he advanced a step or two into the room. I was elated to see that he had a short dagger in his belt.

"Waving my arms about and chanting crazily, I motioned towards the negro as though putting a spell upon him. He came closer so that he could see better. This suited my purpose and I started a fresh series of movements. I would first point toward the negro and chant and then grab the coat to my body as though to hide something from him. After about a minute of this his curiosity got the better of him and he advanced to me and reached out a large brawny hand for the coat.

"Since I was huddled on the floor he had to lean over slightly to reach me. Just as his hand grasped the coat, I suddenly threw it over his head with one hand and jerked his head down against the floor. With the other hand I grabbed his dagger and, as he struggled to free his face from the folds of the coat, I buried it to the hilt in his breast. He gave a convulsive shudder and lay still.

" 'That,' I whispered in to his dead ear, 'was for Art.'

"Armed with his knife, I carefully descended the stairs and began exploring the lower floor. As I cautiously looked in one room, I found the Arab. He was examining the death machine. I tip-toed up to him and knocked him unconscious with the handle of the knife. Picking up his limp body, I put it on the table and bound it there. Then I proceeded to put the death machine in place on his chest. Securing some water and throwing it on his face, I soon brought him to and as he looked with horror-stricken eyes I threw the lever that set the machine in motion. He begged, pleaded, and cursed, but I paid no attention to him.

"I left the house and the last thing I heard as I shut the door was the faint click of the cogs as they meshed into each other at each of the poor devil's breaths."

The Anarchist

JOCK CUNNINGHAM, '32

MR. VEDDER stood in line, waiting. A feeling of limp weakness came over him, and he leaned against the rough brick side of the factory. He could breathe, but he felt suffocated. His legs would support him, but they felt as if they were crumbling, like rotten plaster. They felt as though little pieces of flesh were flaking off from them. They felt dim and grey.

Mr. Vedder was seized with an overpowering desire to sit down. If only there were a small ledge on the rough side of the red brick factory so that he could sit down and relieve his legs! Mr. Vedder felt a little sick and faint. He slumped down a little and the rough bricks caught the nap on his coat and held him. Mr. Vedder stood up again. He was restless with the restlessness of the man whose head has been nailed inside a very small box. He breathed fast—perhaps that would relieve the stuffiness in his lungs. It made him feel dizzy.

He bent his head over and the dizziness was gone. He opened his mouth wide and sucked in the damp, sticky air. If he could only walk about, or run!—but he had to wait and wait. Wait and wait for nothing.

Five hundred men! Last night Mr. Vedder had seen the advertisement. Surely, after five months of searching, he could be one out of five hundred men! He had gone to the factory at five o'clock, certain that he would be among the first. There was the line—down the block, around the corner, down another side of the factory—a long line—and he was at the end of it, or pretty near the end. Other men had come, had turned away in despair at the length of the line. Only five out of all those hundreds, standing in line. But Mr. Vedder stayed. Perhaps—

A policeman was bawling down the line, and slowly, silently, aimlessly, it broke into segments. The segments melted. The men wandered slowly away.

Mr. Vedder pulled away from the rough brick wall of the factory. The nap on his coat made little pulling, tearing sounds as the rough bricks released it. He would go to the other place—he had been going to the other place for five months—it was five months since he had had a job. That had been digging a ditch for a pipe. Mr. Vedder thought of his wife, waiting in the bare room, with its dirty, cream-colored paper with thin stripes running to the floor and with dead green vines between. His wife would be sitting on the bed, waiting. His wife was not pretty, but Mr. Vedder felt a quiet tenderness come over him as he thought of her. If he could get some work! He would go to the other place. The other place! Just like all the other places—a policeman bawling down the line. And yet—perhaps—there was always a fresh hope in front of him. And each time, the hope was shattered, making little dents in Mr. Vedder's soul.

He shuffled slowly up the wet pavement. He had to shuffle. The heels of his shoes were split down the back. His damp, cold trousers clung to his legs.

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He came to the corner of the red brick factory and turned it. Halfway up the street he stopped and looked at the door of the employment office. On the door were gold letters "Employment Office."—Employment office. The door was closed. The policeman sitting by the door looked at Mr. Vedder menacingly. He made a slight movement with his hand. A flare of resentment and indignation against the policeman rose up in Mr. Vedder. The flare died. Mr. Vedder moved on, walking slowly and dully.

He crossed the street and stopped. The great bill board facing him seemed to halt him forcibly.

Mr. Vedder looked up at it, unseeing. There were huge black letters on it, printed on white paper. He began to see words form from the huge letters. Their blurred, fuzzy edges cleared. Business—fundamentally sound—more wealth—economically safe—around the corner—prosperity—U. S. Govern . . .

A sudden rage of hate, the wilder for its futility, surged up in little Mr. Vedder and a wild inadequate sobbing clutched his heart. He stopped and scooped up a blob of wet, smelling mud. Sluck! went the mud as it smashed against the pure white of the great bill board.

Again a streaming handful of black muck went whirling through the air—smash!

Across the street in front of the office, the policeman jumped to his feet and snouted. The insensate billet, clutched in the hand of the law, reached out for Mr. Vedder, as the policeman began to run . . .



Protest

CLARENCE KING, '32

*A chant of hate to-day we sing
In chorus unified—
A chant of hate for cruel war
With blood and greed allied.*

*A chant of hate today we sing
And as we sing we pray
A morrow free from gruesome strife,
As peaceful as today.*

*A chant of hate today we sing;
Yet when tomorrow comes
And brings the war we swore to loathe,
We'll cheer the marching drums.*

*A chant of hate today we sing
But change it with the days.
To-day a chant of hate we sing—
Tomorrow—one of praise!*

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“But, Betty”

IRENE MANN, '32

SURE, I'll come. Goodbye." With these words Ben hung up the receiver. A beatific smile spread over his none too handsome countenance as he relaxed contentedly in a chair, his long legs stretched out before him. Betty would of course be there. Ben, to put it milder, was in love with Betty. But alas and alack, Betty disliked Ben extremely. Ben was not (it must be admitted) the type to inspire devotion in a feminine heart, but Ben was blissfully unaware of this. In addition to his extraordinarily insignificant appearance, he was the personification of conceit.

"But what will I wear? Oh! I know, I'll be a pirate. I have awfully good looking legs if I do say it myself." Musing thus to himself, Ben was soon soaring to great heights in the work of day dreams, anticipating with much enjoyment the fun he would have at the coming dance, completely forgetful of the Solid Geometry test on the morrow.

The next day Ben drifted serenely through all his classes, astonishing classmates and teachers alike by the amazing inaccuracy of his work. But Ben was happy, indeed too happy, until he met Betty after school. Then his dream house collapsed completely.

"Oh, Betty, are you going to Dot's dance Friday?" he hailed her cheerfully.

But Betty's conduct was unusual. "Oh, you idiot," she exclaimed in a disgusted tone.

"Please explain that statement," responded Ben, with no little dignity.

"I knew you'd fall for it. Do you know that you are the laughing stock of this school?"

"Can't say that I did."

"Well, you are. Now listen carefully while I explain. I'm doing this only out of pity for your unspeakable denseness, let me assure you. When you arrive, all dressed up, quite fetching, of course, you will be greeted by the whole gang, not dressed up. Will you be razzed? Well, you can guess! You won't live it down for months. Don't tell anyone that I warned you. I did it only because you are so pitifully credulous."

Poor Benjamin! He was distressed beyond words. He wouldn't have thought it of Dot. He almost considered it an insult. After stammering incoherent

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thanks, he hastily wended his way homeward to let the full significance of the revelation sink through his skull and thence into his brain.

The next Monday during the last period Betty passed him a note. Ben was all a-flutter; his hands trembled so that he could scarcely unfold it, and his heart was pounding queerly. But there was nothing in the note to warrant such excitement. It was only this: "Didn't bite, did you." Ben looked up to answer but, seeing his English teacher's eye fixed sternly upon him, decided to write. But his hands and heart were not normal yet, so he wrote in a shaky sort of scrawl: "No thanks to you." When Betty received this note she was completely astounded.

All the rest of the period she was raging, inwardly, naturally. "Such ingratitude! After all the embarrassment I saved him! Talk about nerve! I didn't know that he was that type! Just let him ask me for another date. Not that I really like him," she assured herself, "but it does make me furious."

That night at seven-thirty the 'phone rang. "What're you doing tonight, Betty?" inquired a masculine voice which she immediately recognized as Benjamin's. "May I come over? I want you to help me on my English. I can't get all those old commas, colons, semi-colons, etc."

"Well, I guess not. After what you said today? And you have the nerve to ask me to help you! I've never heard of such a thing."

"But, Betty—"

"No 'buts,' please. Don't think you can insult me one hour and get a date the next."

"But, Betty, what have I done?"

"What have you done! I just wonder. You can't imagine, can you? You don't know."

"But, Betty—"

Bang!

Benjamin stood gazing at the telephone rather bewilderedly and dazedly rubbed his left ear in a caressing manner. "Now what did I do to her? I think that she is completely demented. Just when and how did I insult her, I'd like to know?" Ben was somewhat irritated. He was also puzzled. It was beyond him. Never in his brief career had he been so treated. After much mental upheaval he thought of a strikingly original plan. He must secure an intermediary. After further disturbance of the cerebrum, he decided to try to get Dot. She wasn't so bad really.

The next day Betty snubbed him so pointedly that he almost blushed. That night he held a conference with Dot. Though Dot disliked Ben truly, she agreed

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to his plan. Her nature was very romantic and this was an unusually good opportunity to view the emotions of a lover at close range. It was an occasion on which the most perfect tact must be employed. Betty must be propitiated, not infuriated. "Varium et mutabile semper femina."

But Betty stood firm. No gentle persuasion could sway her fixed resolve. At length Dot gave up tactful methods, and told Betty the whole story. Betty was amused. She was really enjoying the situation now. It appealed to her sense of humor rather than to her more tender emotions. Benjamin was becoming reduced to a pathetic state. His great love was ready to break its bounds. He sent sad letters of entreaty. Two a day. But no reply. However, Betty had saved them all and tied them with a ducky little pink ribbon. How Ben would have rejoiced had he known of this circumstance!

At last Dot began to get disgusted. Romantic though she was, all this seemed silly to her. Above Ben's prayers and Betty's protestations, she resigned.

This alarmed Betty. She realized that she couldn't treat Ben in this manner much longer. Human flesh couldn't bear it. So Betty, subduing pride, called Ben and gave him gracious permission to call that night. Ben was frantic with joy. He spent fully two hours endeavoring to make his person handsome. At the end of this time there was no perceptible improvement. Somewhat discouraged, Ben sailed forth on his mission.

He knocked rather doubtfully and greeted Betty timidly. At once he started on his explanations. "Betty, I don't know what I did but I didn't mean to do it, I really didn't." Ben was undoubtedly in earnest.

But Betty stopped him. "I have the proof here. So you needn't argue any longer. Just read this: 'No thanks to you.' Now, what did you mean?"

"But what's wrong with that?" exclaimed Ben in a puzzled manner. "'No, thanks to you.' See?"

"Well! What a man and what a student! Do you see any punctuation on that piece of paper? Get a coach for English, please."

"But, Betty—"

Linking the Chain

FRANCES BAKER, '32

IS there anyone so simple-minded who imagines that publishing an annual is merely a matter of a few clever persons putting their thoughts on a few neatly typed pages, sketching a few simple pictures, and then going home at three o'clock? We hope not! If such a person exists, we feel it our solemn duty to take him or her (?) by the back of the neck and to forcibly drag said idiot to the door of the sponsor's room. In this room the culprit will have his eyes opened. "The Annual is going to press, tra-la!" A worried Editor-in-Chief frowningly scans piles of typewritten annual blanks, firing questions at his eager and maybe not so eager assistants, sometimes wheedling and then again commanding. A dark-haired artist looks up with a sigh from a pile of "junk"—art gum, piles of snapshots, scissors, ink, and cardboard. People rush to and fro bumping into each other. Piles of papers are accidentally pushed on the floor. "When did Mr. Gitchell say those pictures would be ready?" "Harry up with those write-ups!" "Oh, look at what I did!"—this from a young lady who has just spilled a bottle of ink on valuable property. Typewriters click—clicking. Snapshot heads being decapitated. An anxious sponsor hurrying to and fro. Fusses. More fusses. "Who will 'rehash' this?"—Typists hovering around, asking people to decipher words. A few envious (?) students dropping in to have a look. Spontaneous combustions—advice, yells—screams—shrieks, murder—groans—need we go on?

The Feast

ELEANOR QUARLES, '34

*Twilight set her table
Upon the azure sky;
Evening star was candle
In the heavens high.*

*Branches of the trees,
Stript by winter's blast,
Formed the dainty mats
For the light repast.*

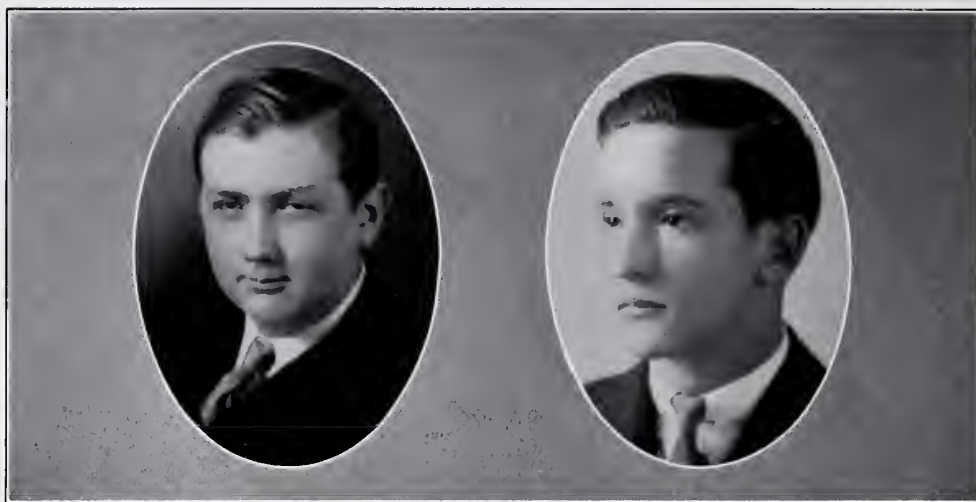
*Dishes for the table—
Clouds of pink and blue;
Borders were of silver
And every pastel hue.*

*Twilight set her table—
It gave her great delight.
Sitting down, she feasted
Upon—the wondrous sight!*



Scenes from the Play

THE CHAIN



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Sponsors.....MISS HORWITZ, MR. RIEDEL, MISS SHEPPE

In order to facilitate the publication of both, *The Bumble Bee* and THE CHAIN have been combined this year. The last issue of *The Bumble Bee* now appears as the literary department of THE CHAIN, an arrangement which we feel will insure a better balanced annual.

THE CHAIN



KING



BISHOP



SAUNDERS



WATSON



CUNNINGHAM



BAKER



BLANKINSHIP



IRVING



THELEN



SNYDER



KEPNER



WARD



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THE CHAIN



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The *Midway Student*, a bi-weekly publication, has always taken a very active part in the life of Lane High School since its inception in 1894. This year, under the guidance of Elizabeth Shiflett, the entire staff has worked to keep up the paper's high reputation in school and state, a reputation which the *Midway Student* earned by winning the state Class B championship for the past four years. The staff is to be congratulated for its honest endeavors to maintain the high standard set by its predecessors in this work, and in this it has been helped immeasurably by its sponsor, Miss Mildred Jones.

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CALHOUN



O'BRIEN



WARD



HERNDON



SULLIVAN



MANN



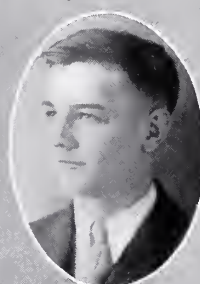
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EDDINS



BROWN



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BLANKINSHIP



MADDEX



RIEDEL

THE CHAIN



The Metcalf Literary Society

OFFICERS

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<i>Secretary</i>	KITTY O'BRIEN
<i>Treasurer</i>	B. B. WOODSON
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The Metcalf Literary Society was named in honor of Dr. John C. Metcalf, professor of English at the University of Virginia.

It holds annual literary contests with the Hayes Literary Society. The winners in these preliminaries are sent on to the state contests. Last year most of the representatives of the school were from the Metcalf Society. One member, Emma Frances Swindler, was the winner of the state reading contest.

This year, with forty-eight enthusiastic members, this society has had many interesting and beneficial programs.

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Hayes Literary Society

OFFICERS

<i>President</i>	ELIZABETH SHIFLETT
<i>Vice-President</i>	HENRIETTA YOWELL
<i>Secretary</i>	EVELYN THACKER
<i>Treasurer</i>	MALCOLM MADDEX
<i>Sponsor</i>	MISS WINONA JOHNSTON

The Hayes Literary Society, which was named in honor of Mr. W. J. Hayes, a former principal of Lane High, is the bitter rival of Lane's other Literary Society, the Metcalf.

The purpose of this society is to promote the realization of the true value of literature in the high school.

At the present time the Hayes is engaged in frenzied activity prior to the contests with the Metcalf. These literary combats will mark the climax of an unusually successful season; successful, in that many entertaining programs have been given. All the members have put forth their best efforts in an attempt to entertain and instruct both themselves and the student body.

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The Players' Club

OFFICERS

<i>President</i>	JOYCE SULLIVAN
<i>Vice-President</i>	FRANCES BAKER
<i>Secretary</i>	HENRIETTA YOWELL
<i>Treasurer</i>	B. B. WOODSON
<i>Sponsor</i>	MR. E. R. RIEDEL

The Players' Club, one of the most active organizations at Lane High, endeavors to promote interest in dramatics through the personal appearances of its members.

The memories of our annual plays are some of the most enjoyable of high school. Who can forget "The Patsy," "The Noble Outcast," "Don't Wake the Wife," and lastly, "Adam and Eva"?

As a dramatic club this organization has been very successful and has enjoyed the able direction of Mr. Riedel for several years.

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Girls' Hi-Y

OFFICERS

<i>President</i>	JOYCE SULLIVAN
<i>Vice-President</i>	HARRIET HANKINS
<i>Secretary</i>	MARTHA COULTER
<i>Treasurer</i>	VIRGINIA DABNEY
<i>Sponsor</i>	MISS VIRGINIA MOORE

At the beginning of the school year the Girls' Hi-Y, a new organization at Lane High, was started. The ten charter members who organized it got the club well on its way before new members were voted in.

Through the co-operation of the members, the club has been able to make a creditable start in carrying out its purpose—"To create, extend, and maintain throughout the school and community high standards of Christian living."

The Girls' Hi-Y, notwithstanding its youth, has been very active. It has sponsored a reception for the District Hi-Y Boys who were here in January, a theatre party, a highly entertaining "Kids' party."

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The Senior Hi-Y

OFFICERS

<i>President</i>	MALCOLM MADDEX
<i>Vice-President</i>	LINDSAY BLANTON
<i>Secretary</i>	TOM HOPKINSON
<i>Treasurer</i>	PEYTON ELLINGER
<i>Sponsor</i>	MR. L. HILLDRUP

The purpose of the Hi-Y is: "To create, maintain, and extend throughout the school and community higher standards of Christian character."

Each year a general program is followed which includes a freshman mixer, a 4C's campaign, the distribution of baskets at Thanksgiving and Christmas time, and many other fine projects.

The Hi-Y Conference for District IV was held in Charlottesville this year on January 8, 9, 10, and was voted a great success.

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Hi-Y Chapter II

OFFICERS

<i>President</i>	JOHN T. CALHOUN
<i>Vice-President</i>	ROGER PUGH
<i>Secretary</i>	PHILLIP MARKWOOD
<i>Treasurer</i>	CHARLES SOURS
<i>Sponsor</i>	LAWRENCE BRUNTON

Chapter II, the new division of the Hi-Y at Lane, was formally organized in September, 1931. It is composed chiefly of the members of last year's Junior Hi-Y, which has been disbanded here as well as all over the state.

This new division of the Hi-Y has been an aid in making the annual "4C's" Campaign a great success, and in collecting baskets of food at Christmas and Thanksgiving for the poor. It was also very active in securing homes for the Hi-Y delegates of District 4 who came for the Conference that was held here in January, 1932.

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Girls' Glee Club

OFFICERS

<i>President</i>	NANCY DONER
<i>Vice-President</i>	HARRIET HANKINS
<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>	JOYCE SULLIVAN
<i>Sponsor</i>	MISS NAOMI SHEPPE

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast—"

Although our school has not yet reached barbaric levels, the effect of music has certainly been worthwhile in Lane High.

The Girls' Glee Club, which was first organized about ten years ago, has not only taken up the study of music at its meetings, but has also given an opportunity for all its members to participate in assembly programs and public performances. In connection with the Boys' Glee Club it has also given operettas during different years.

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THE CHAIN



Boys' Glee Club

OFFICERS

<i>President</i>	WILLIAM ALWOOD
<i>Vice-President</i>	THOMAS SHEPHERD
<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>	FRANKLIN DAVIS
<i>Sponsor</i>	MISS GRACE REYNOLDS
<i>Pianist</i>	ADELAIDE SAUNDERS

The Boys' Glee Club was begun in February, 1932, with Miss Reynolds as sponsor. Since February the assembly hall has benefited with music from lusty young throats. The Minstrel, given in assembly on March 16, was a decided success. This was the first assembly program of its kind to be given at Lane High and from its warm reception will probably set a precedent.

All the members of the club have been most enthusiastic in attending the frequent meetings. The Boys' Glee Club has certainly had a fine start.

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THE CHAIN



Student Council

OFFICERS

<i>Fall Term</i>		<i>Spring Term</i>
MALCOLM MADDEX.....	<i>President</i>	ALPHA MILLER
NEWMAN HARRIS.....	<i>Vice-President</i>	JACK MADDOX
CONSTANCE CAMPBELL.....	<i>Secretary</i>	IRENE MANN
CONSTANCE CAMPBELL.....	<i>Treasurer</i>	JOE MUSTARD
MISS BERRY {	<i>Sponsors</i>	{ MISS BERRY
MR. WALKER }		{ MR. WALKER

The Student Council was organized in 1929 to take the place of the old Honor Committee. The purpose of the Student Council is to create a sense of responsibility and honor among the pupils and to encourage closer cooperation between the pupils and teachers.

During the first term of this year, the council took charge of the lunch rooms by the monitor system. It also regulated the traffic in the halls during the changing of classes. The Student Council's present project is the attempt to secure certain privileges for Seniors having good grades.



The Tumblers

THE CHAIN



James A. Leitch, Jr.

In his third and possibly his last year of coaching at Lane High School, Coach Jimmy Leitch has come nearer than ever to his ambitions to turn out a state championship team. His football eleven of 1931 won the district championship through defeating such worthy foes as Clarendon and Clifton Forge, losing that of the northern half of the state by a very slight margin. From all aspects this has been the most successful year in recent athletic history.

Not only for this year, but also for all the years in which Jimmy has been head mentor of all sports at our high school, do we owe him thanks. Too much has been said about Jimmy's athletic prowess while he played for Lane High and not enough about his sterling ability as a coach. True, he had an excellent record as a high school player, winning all-state honors five times in three different sports; but it is not for this that we who have seen his teams in action will remember him. It is for his turning out those great elevens of 1929 and 1931, for his consistently producing good basketball teams, for his all-around good sportsmanship and friendliness. Jimmy's boys have won recognition all over the state and have brought glory to Lane High School and to their coach.

It is with deep regret that we learn that Jimmy may be unable to have charge of our teams next year. If, as we hope, he does decide to continue his coaching, the school is to be congratulated. If he does not, we will always be grateful to Jimmy—a good athlete, a splendid coach, and a fine man.

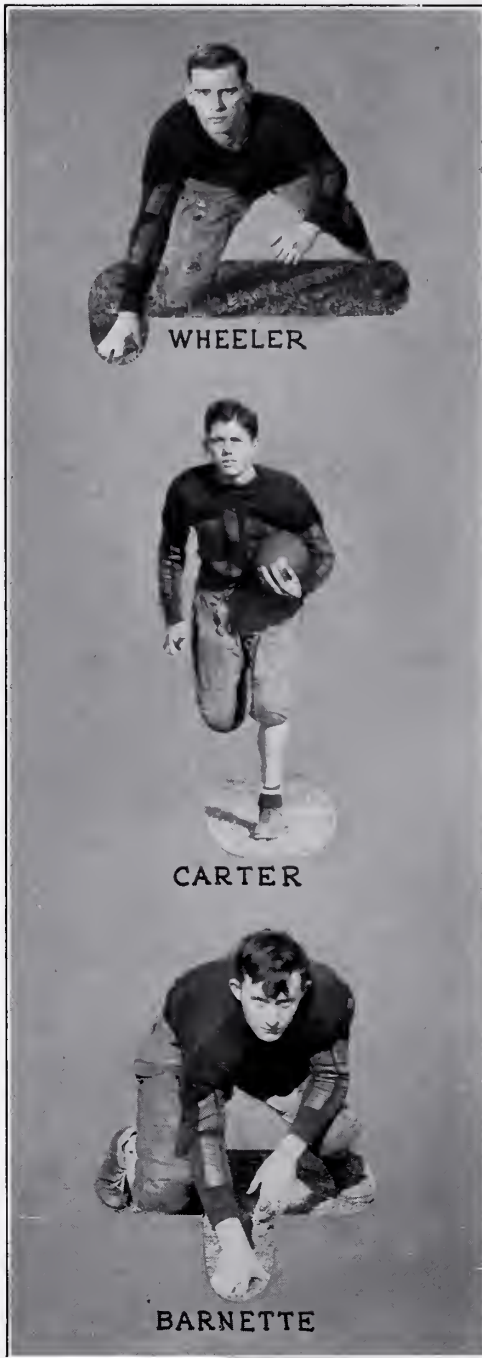
THE CHAIN

Football, 1931

THE season of 1931 was easily the most successful football year since 1927, when Lane High School won the State Class B championship. A record of eight victories and only three defeats was piled up by our victorious grid warriors. The conquest of Clifton Forge gave us the district championship, though two weeks later we lost the fight for half-state honors in a close battle with Alexandria. All possible credit is due to the boys and to the coach, both of whom worked through an unusually long and trying season without a murmur of complaint. Thanks are due also to the students and the townspeople who loyally supported our team through the many successes and defeats.

The season opened against Virginia Episcopal School in Lynchburg. V. E. S. presented a heavy and experienced aggregation to our eleven, which was as yet an unknown quantity. The contest was evenly played throughout, but the rain and mud caused several fumbles of which V. E. S. was quick to take advantage. La Lance, the opponents' captain, made a touchdown on the kick-off soon after a teammate had gobbled up one of Taylor's fumbles for a safety. As these were the only tallies of the game, the final score was V. E. S., 8; Lane, 0.

Undaunted by this defeat, Lane met Victoria High School here the following Friday. The visitors were willing but weak and easily fell before our warriors. The only score for Victoria was made against our Junior team, a stellar midget group, in the last quarter. The 47 to 6 victory revealed the latent strength in



THE CHAIN

our squad, which later in the season developed into an amazing machine.

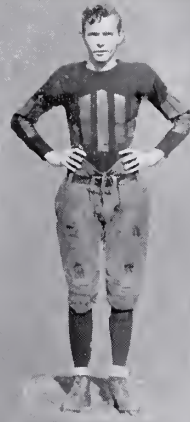
The next Friday saw our boys reaching their full form as they polished off Culpeper here to the tune of 40 to 0. There is little to say about this contest, for Culpeper was unable to score even on our Junior eleven. From this game we realized fully the possibilities of our team, although our spirits received a blow when Lexington defeated us there, 19 to 2. The game, which did not count in our class B standing, helped take some of the overconfidence from our gridders, making the defeat easier to bear.

From this combat until the last game of the season Lane was not defeated, displaying an attack and defense of championship calibre. Harrisonburg was the next victim of our warriors, being scalped 44 to 0. The burial of Harrisonburg's goat furnished much amusement to us and chagrin to the visitors, who had been rather arrogant after they defeated us the year before.

The next valley team to try its hand was V. S. D. B., from whom our only victory was won last year. Lane repeated the previous year's performance, subduing the visitors 47 to 7 in an easy contest.

Our team next paid a friendly call on Staunton, who had acted rather haughtily the year before. After four quarters had been played, the Leemen apologized for their previous misconduct, losing the game to Lane, 20 to 0. Our victory was largely due to the fine end play of Purvis coupled with Blanton's passes.

The following Friday a rest was taken, as Waynesboro fell before us, 60 to 0. The first team played only one quarter, but in that time scored



HARRIS

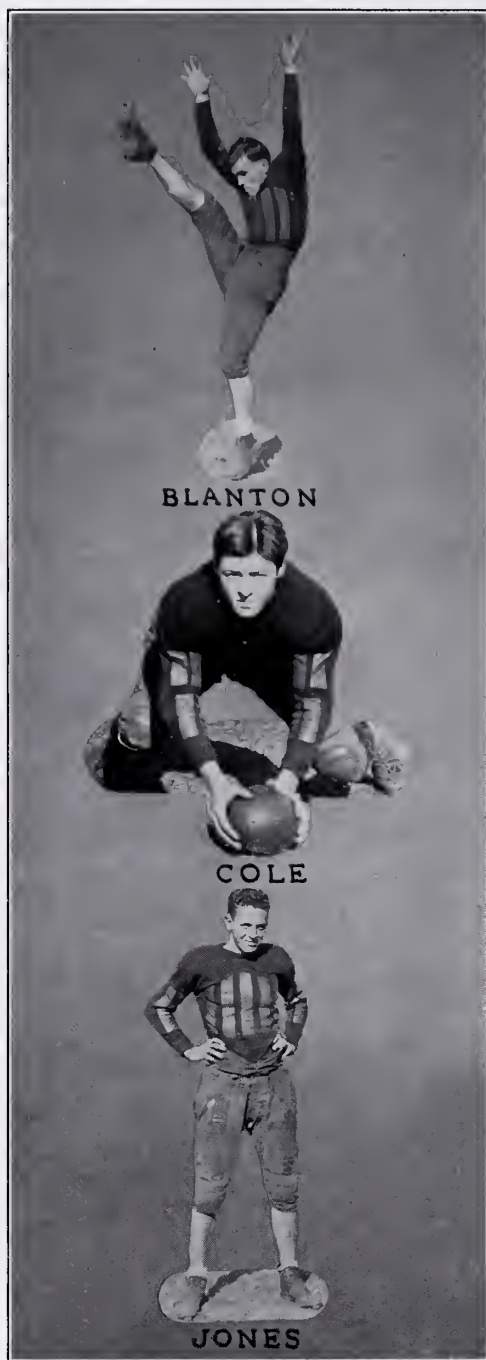


MORSE



QUARLES

THE CHAIN



four touchdowns. The valley boys were entirely outclassed and could make only two first downs against our second-string line-up.

On Armistice Day Washington and Lee High School of Clarendon came over for a chat. The battle, following the parade and celebration staged in honor of the day, drew a record-breaking crowd of students and townspeople, who saw Lane spank the large Clarendon children, the final score being 33 to 20 for us. Though heavily outweighed, Lane flashed an unconquerable aerial offence together with vicious line-plunging by Quarles to win the day.

Following this contest came the climaxing game of the season. Clifton Forge was met here in a game to determine the district championship. In what may easily be termed the best battle of the season, the Mountaineers offered an experienced eleven composed of nine letter men and three all-state players. The odds were heavily against our wearers of the Orange and Black, but they again demonstrated a superior brand of football to triumph in a hard-fought combat. Our passing attack deserves a large share of the credit for the victory, as does Quarles' great line-plunging and Yuter's broken-field running. The visitors' offense was rather flat until the last minutes of play. Before the Green and Gold had a chance to score, the final whistle blew, leaving Lane on the good side of an 18-14 score and in possession of the district championship.

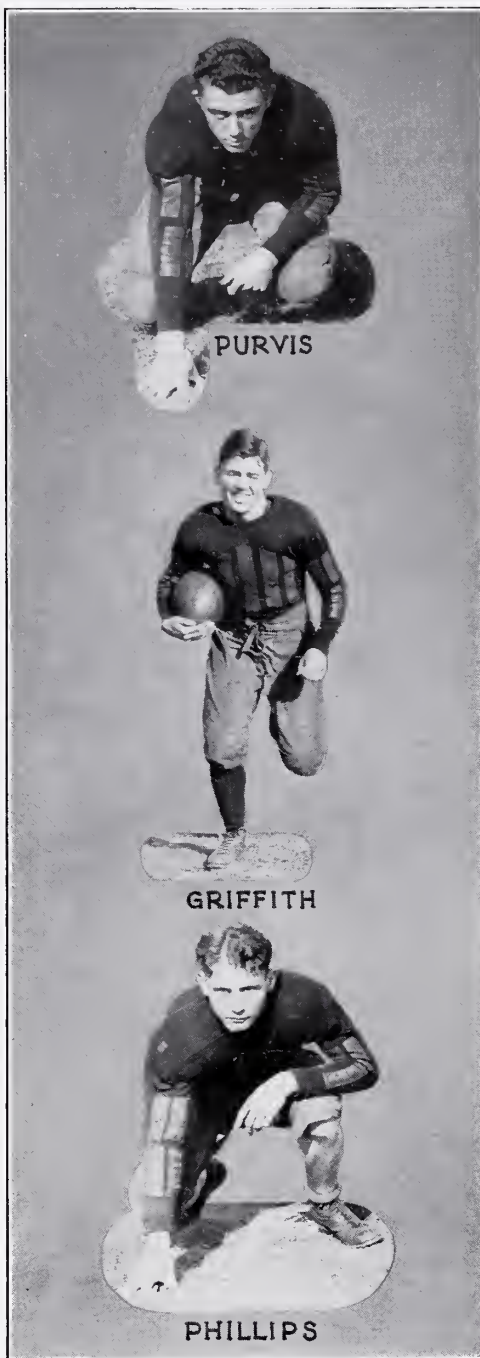
Since it had won the district laurels our team was invited to play for the state championship, meeting first Alexandria in a contest for

THE CHAIN

half-state honors. The University of Virginia offered the new Scott Stadium as a playing field, making this the first high-school match ever played on this gridiron. On December 12 the big day arrived. A huge crowd braved the occasional showers and paid a gate of almost two thousand dollars, all of which was turned over to local charity. As in the previous games, our boys were heavily out-weighted. Starting quickly Lane scored two touchdowns and one extra point, in the first half, all by Harris, who played the best end game ever seen in local high school circles. The Alexandrians made one score as the half ended 13 to 7 in Lane's favor.

In the second half the visitors were not to be denied. Their great backs, Jennier and Sheads, ripped our line for long gains. We lost our last scoring chance when Blanton's long run to the opponent's five-yard line was called back for an offside. Finally Jennier went over, tying the score. Jimmy Bruin was called from the bench for Alexandria and booted the extra point which won the game, 14 to 13. This was truly a heart-breaking battle, and the bitterest defeat of the season. We had at least the consolation of having played the visitors on nearly even terms, and we knew that every one of our players had given his best.

The stars of the year were Blanton, a great passer, field general and runner; Quarles, whose play on offense and especially defense was remarkable, and Harris, who came so near winning the final game of the year for us.



THE CHAIN



Varsity Football Squad

Captain.....NEWMAN HARRIS
Manager.....HUDSON COLE
Coach.....JAMES A. LEITCH

<i>First Team</i>	LINE-UP	<i>Substitutes</i>
NEWMAN HARRIS.....	<i>left end</i>	{ ERNEST MITCHELL CARTER COLE
HARRY WHEELER } BILL STALLINGS }	<i>left tackle</i>	HERMAN WHEELER
TOM PHILLIPS.....	<i>left guard</i>	HUGH SULFRIDGE
NORBORNE COLE.....	<i>center</i>	BOOTON HERNDON
HAROLD BARNETTE.....	<i>right guard</i>	{ DELBERT JETER MERLE SOUTHAILE
WHITTON MORSE.....	<i>right tackle</i>	JACK MITCHELL
BILLY JONES.....	<i>right end</i>	HENRY PURVIS
LINDSAY BLANTON.....	<i>quarterback</i>	RALPH BRITTON
LLEWELLYN GRIFFITH.....	<i>left halfback</i>	{ JACK ALWOOD CURTIS SMITH
DAN YUTER } FENDOL CARTER }	<i>right halfback</i>	{ ROBERT SOURS GRAYDON GARRETTE
WILLARD QUARLES.....	<i>fullback</i>	LANCELOT TAYLOR

THE CHAIN



Junior Football Squad

Captain.....ST. ELMO ELLIOTT
 Manager.....JIMMY MAUPIN
 Coach.....PAT KELLY

<i>First Team</i>	LINE-UP	<i>Substitutes</i>
JAMES WIEBEL.....	left end.....	ROSCOE ADAMS
FRED MARTIN.....	left tackle.....	CLARENCE KING
FRANK BRUFFEY.....	left guard.....	BOYD HOFFER
EARL BARNETTE.....	center.....	HUGH BIRCKHEAD
JAMES CLARITY.....	right guard.....	{ ROBERT GOLDSTEIN HARTWELL CLARK
WARNER TAYLOR.....	right tackle.....	{ JAMES BROGAN STANLEY MOONEY
FRED DISQUE.....	right end.....	MANLEY WADE
JOE DISQUE.....	quarterback.....	EUGENE WINGFIELD
CLINTON BOZE.....	left halfback.....	ERNEST MATACIA
BILL ARUNDALE.....	right halfback.....	CHARLES SOURS
ST. ELMO ELLIOTT.....	fullback.....	JAMES FLAGG

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THE CHAIN



Basketball 1932

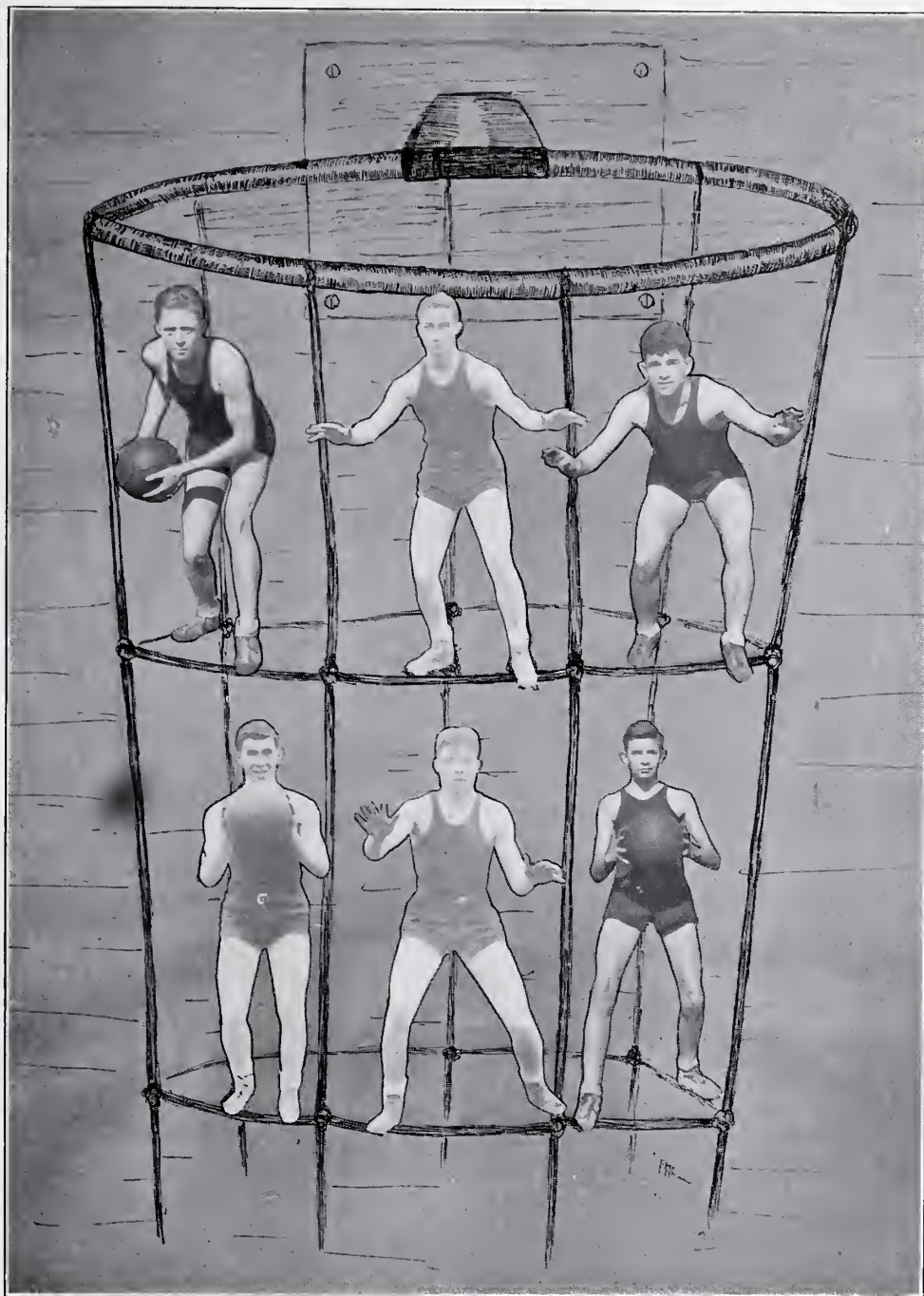
Manager.....HAROLD BARNETTE Coach.....JAMES A. LEITCH

First Team	LINE-UP	Substitutes
NEWMAN HARRIS.....	forward.....	FRED DISQUE
RALPH BRITTON.....	forward.....	ROSSER EASTHAM
WHITTON MORSE.....	center.....	HAROLD GLASCOCK
NORBORNE COLE.....	guard.....	WILLARD QUARLES
DAN YUTER.....	guard.....	JACK ALWOOD

SCHEDULE

January	19—Waynesboro	There
January	22—V. S. D. B.....	Here
January	29—Bridgewater	Here
January	30—Petersburg	There
February	2—Fredericksburg	There
February	5—Harrisonburg	Here
February	9—Bridgewater	There
February	16—V. S. D. B.....	There
February	18—Waynesboro	Here
February	19—Shenandoah	Here
February	23—Harrisonburg	There
February	26—Staunton.....	Here

THE CHAIN



THE CHAIN



Junior Basketball

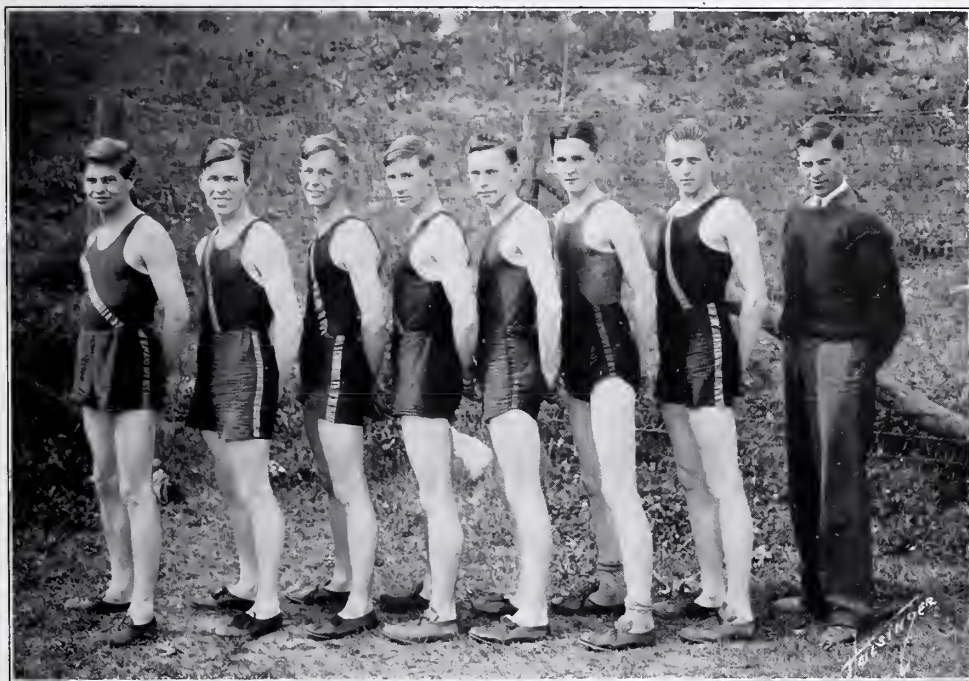
LINE-UP

CHARLES SOURS.....	forward.....	{ ALLEN SPITZER
		{ OSCAR MAUPIN
CLINTON BOZE.....	forward.....	{ A. J. SHORT
		{ CLARENCE GOODYEAR
BILL ARUNDALE.....	center.....	{ MANLEY WADE
		{ BUDDY GLOVER
JOE DISQUE.....	guard.....	{ ST. ELMO ELLIOTT
		{ CLARENCE KING
EARL BARNETTE.....	guard.....	{ JAMES BROGAN
		{ ELMER JOHNSON

SCHEDULE

Lane.....	14; Miller School.....	22
Lane.....	10; Woodberry Varsity.....	19
Lane.....	12; Miller School.....	16
Lane.....	13; Harrisonburg.....	11
Lane.....	25; Harrisonburg.....	17

THE CHAIN



Track, 1931

Resuming his efforts of last year, Coach Leitch again guided the track squad through a very satisfactory season. Although material was surprisingly scarce and the lack of suitable opponents noteworthy, the team reacted in fine style and won the championship at the State meet in May. Members of the team receiving letters were:

LINDSAY BLANTON

NEWMAN HARRIS

DAN YUTER

ARCHIE HAHN

DONALD FITZHUGH

THE CHAIN



Baseball, 1931

For the first time in several years baseball was renewed at Lane High School this spring with unusual success. Though handicapped by a lack of experience, the Lane nine was the best in this section, winning the district championship with ease. This is especially gratifying in view of the fact that the squad was composed of almost entirely green material. Those awarded letters were:

LINDSAY BLANTON
RANDOLPH SCANTLING
JOE MUSTARD
CARTER COLEMAN
ROBERT SOURS

TOM MURRAY
WATSON JONES
RALPH BRITTON
DONALD FITZHUGH
WYCHE ROBINSON



IN the following pages of our Annual we have placed a section of the outstanding features of our school. We have tried to show the things which make Lane High School different from the others, those peculiarities which give it its air or atmosphere. We have chosen characters and scenes which are representative of Lane High. These scenes, we believe, give to our Annual a sort of local color; they portray the true spirit of Lane. For doing this, if for nothing else, we hope that our feature section may be worthy of the place we have given it in our last publication.

Features

THE CHAIN



DR. LUCY T. JONES
THE DIRECTOR

1932

THE CHAIN



ELISE BAUGH
THE LEADING LADY

THE CHAIN



BILL ALWOOD
THE LEADING MAN

THE CHAIN



JOYCE SULLIVAN
THE VERSATILE ACTRESS

THE CHAIN



LINDSAY BLANTON
THE VERSATILE ACTOR

THE CHAIN



DOROTHY IRVING
THE INGENUE

1932

THE CHAIN



NICHOLAS STANLEY
THE VILLAIN

1932

THE CHAIN



CLARENCE KING
THE COMEDIAN

1932

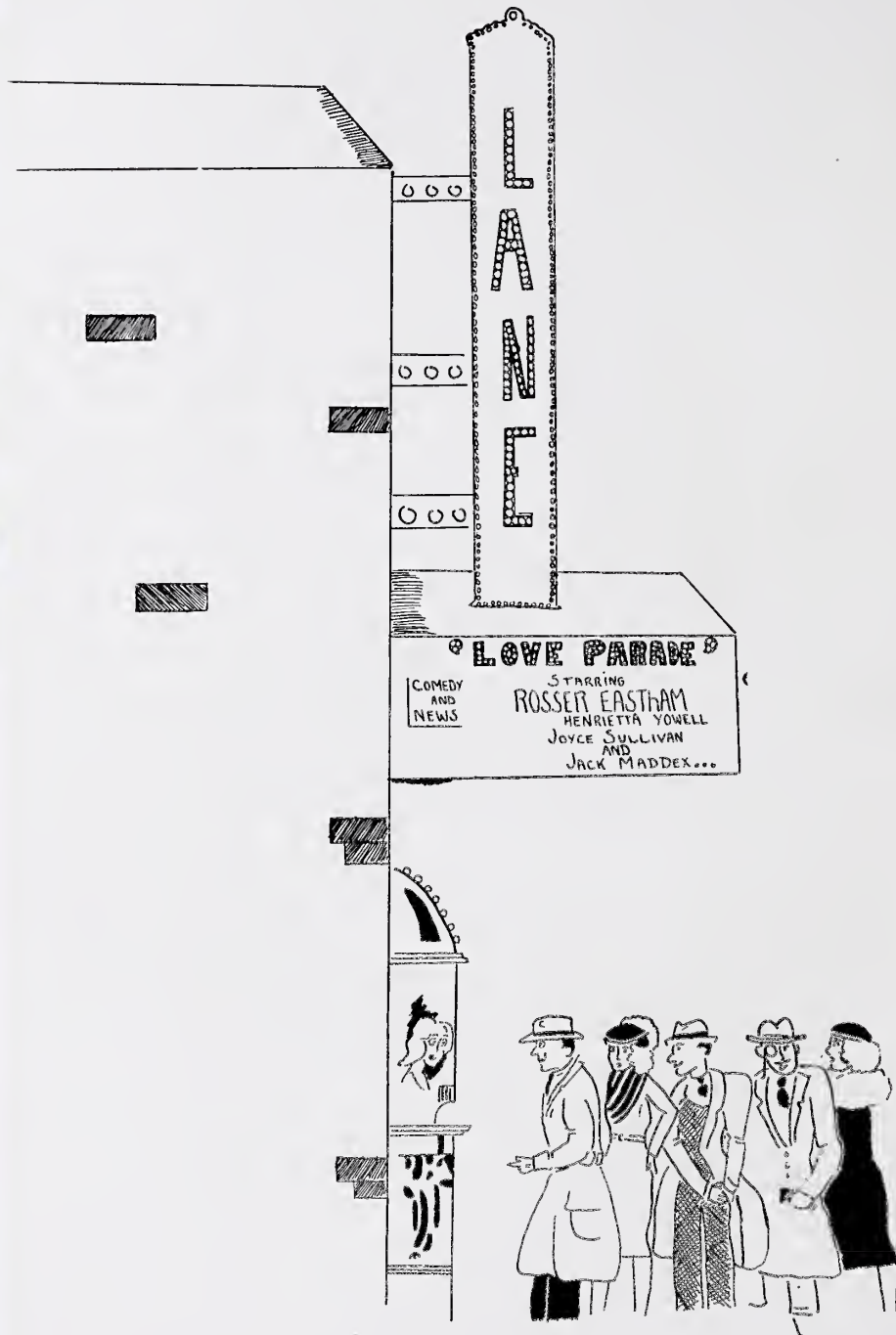
THE CHAIN



ADELAIDE SAUNDERS
THE COMEDienne

1932

THE CHAIN



L.T.

THE CHAIN

COMING

FOUR MARX BROS.
BOO HERNDON • CLARENCE KING •
JAMES BRALLEY • WADDELL UPDIKE

TUES - WED

SMILING LIEUTENANT
NICHOLAS PODTIAGUINE

THURS - FRI - SAT

TOUCHDOWN
LANE TIGERS FOOT BALL TEAM

MON - TUES

SQAW-MAN
NEWMAN HARRIS

WED - THUR.

PARDON US
FRANCIS BLANKENSHIP •
DOT IRVING

HITS

LOVE IN THE ROUGH
STARRING —
BASIL KELLY.

MON. TUES

WED. THUR.

SPIRIT OF NOTRE DAME
COACH JIMMY LEITCH • LINSAY (BUTCH)
BLANTON • WILLARD QUARLES •
DANIEL YUTER • NEWMAN HARRIS ETC.

FRI - SAT.

ARIZONA TERROR
HOLLIS FITCH

MON - TUES.

BLONDE CRAZY
BRICK CHISOLM •
ANNE POWELL

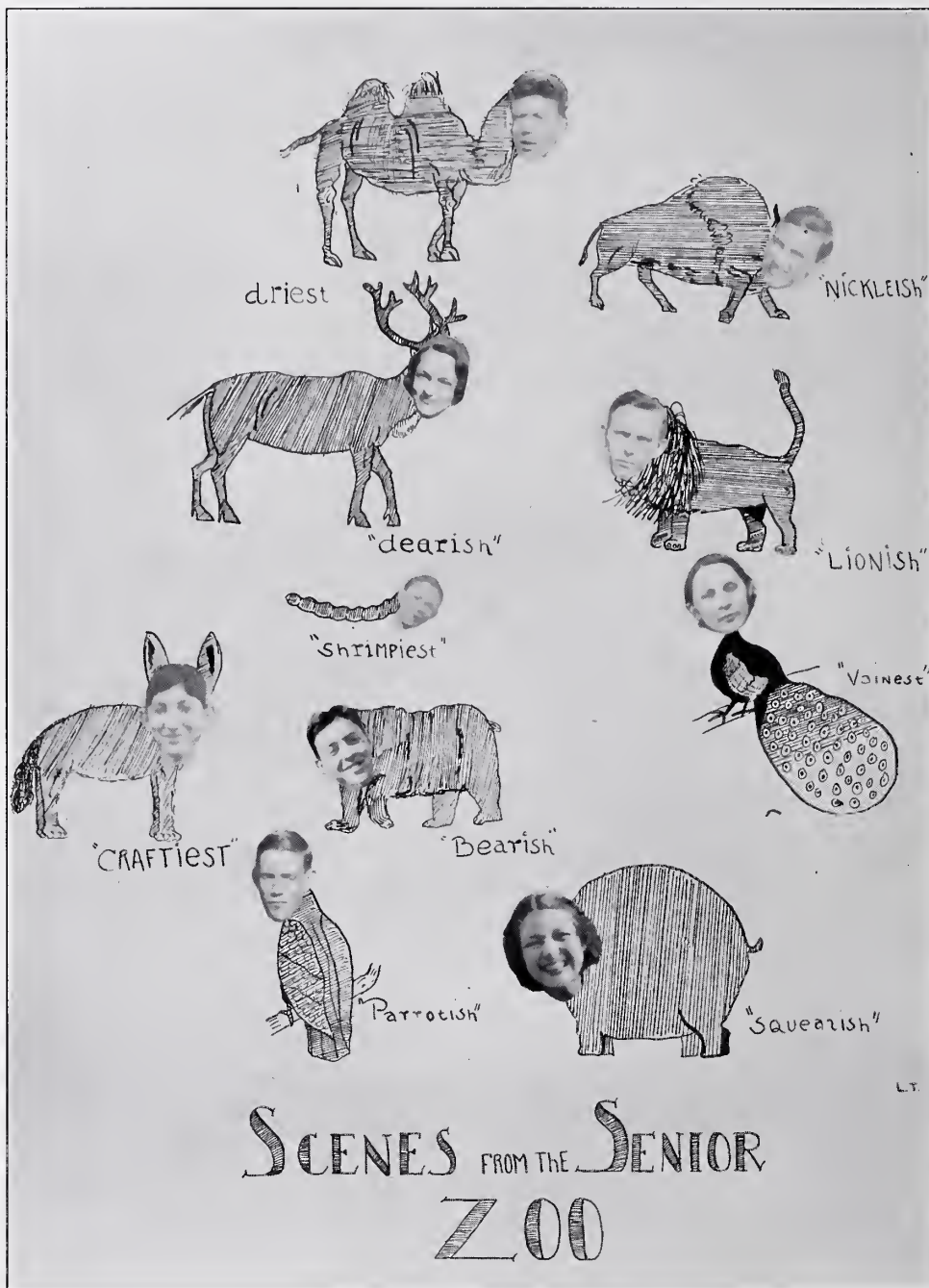
DEVOTION
CAROLYN MADDOX •
LANE TIGERS

(OVER)

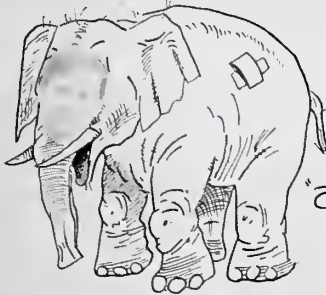


L.T.

THE CHAIN



THE CHAIN



"all-roundish"



"wisest."



"mulish"



"horsiest"



"neckiest"



"battiest"



"flittiest"



"monkeyish"

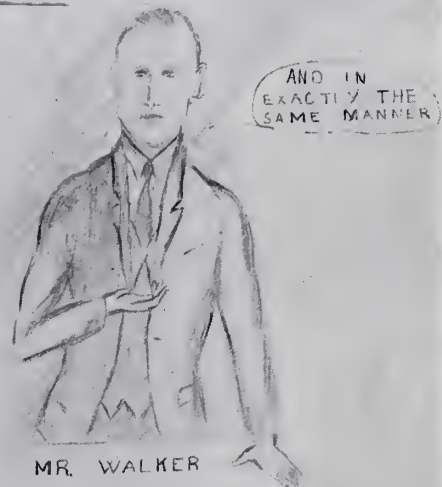
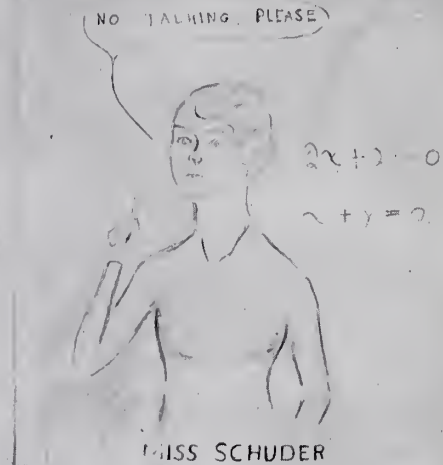
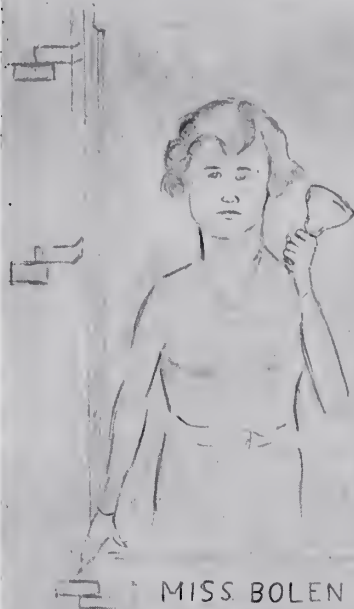


"lovliest"

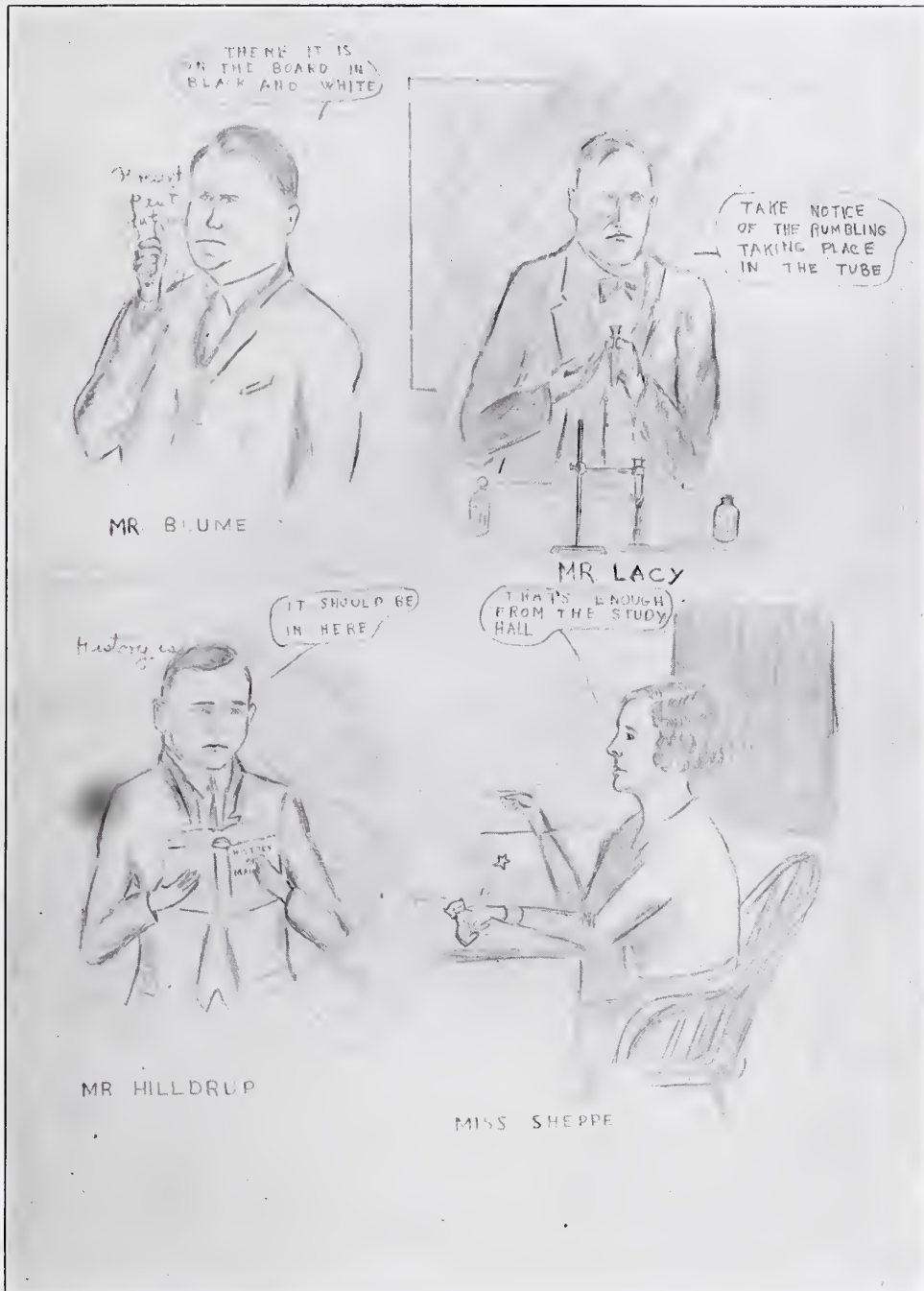
L.T.

THE CHAIN

OUR FACULTY AS WE HEAR 'EM BY BENNETT



THE CHAIN



THE CHAIN

High Lights for 1931-32



SEPTEMBER

- 1—School opens. Groans. Sunburned students. Flustered Freshies, Semi-sophisticated Sophs, Joyous Juniors, and Oh, Ye Supercilious Seniors!
- 3—Hard to buckle down. Memories of vacation dog at our heels. Bow, wow!
- 5—We have a lunch room at last. No more Borden's. The great dunking contest begins. Groups gather at tables, bread lines form.
- 11—Senior Banner Battle. In this corner we have Room 11.
- 16—Miss Horwitz plays Zoo-Keeper with her 4A History fourth period class. "Fitch! Wheeler! Gentry!"
- 26—Football game lost to V. E. S. Scoreboard said 8-0.

OCTOBER

- 2—Rah! Rah! Lane High defeats Victoria, 47 to 6.
- 23—Big time. We buried Harrisonburg's goat this time. Hearse-parade, pall bearers and all to the tune of a 44-0 score. Team! T-e-a-m! T-e-a-m!
- 31—You know what happens Hallowe'en. What a week-end for most of us. "Shrimp King, bring back that mailbox!"

NOVEMBER

- 2—*Bumble Bee* and CHAIN Staff combined. Get to work.
- 6—"Staunton Team is Blanked by Lane—Local Hi Eleven. Keeps Its Season's Record Unmarred," boasts the *Midway Student*. "Quarles is star" also noted. Ray, Willard!
- 11—Armistice Day. Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys and girls are marching up to Venable Field, accompanied by the American Legion. Versatile attack, line-smashing, and general good football shown by Lane-Hi eleven in defeating Clarendon. Ain't we smart?
- 14—*Midway Student* gets State award.
- 23—Book Week. "Reminds me, parallel is due."
- 25—Thanksgiving. Stuff, stuff turkey during the four holidays!
- 26—District IV Championships for Lane, M'dear! Thanksgiving Day. 18-14 score over Clifton Forge!!! Bet those Mountaineers could weep. Grand Game!

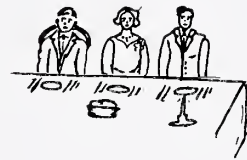
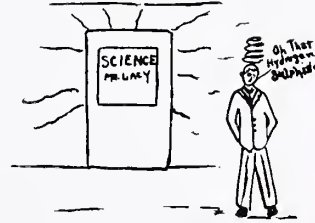
DECEMBER

- 2—Fifty pupils on Honor Roll.
- 4—High School vamps shoot a wicked line at the Jefferson Cotillion Club Dance at Fry's Spring.
- 22—Football Banquet in the Lunch Room. Lane Hi ladies dressed in the orange and black served the heroes of the season. Harris elected this year's captain. Speeches; laughter; food; praise; good time!
- 23—Last Day before Xmas holidays! Mad scramble. Mrs. McCue's assembly very effective. Hi-Y baskets delivered to the needy. Merry Christmas, everyone.

THE CHAIN

JANUARY

- 4—Back at the grindstone after hilarious holiday.
- 6—Work, work, work for exams are coming—frowns!
- 8—Hi-Y Conference begins. Girls of Hi-Y give the boys a reception.
- 19—Lee's birthday is observed.
- 22—Assembly given by all the French pupils. Two French plays and several songs. (Enjoyed, if not understood.)
- 23—Exams! Need we go on?



FEBRUARY

- 2—Paramount Theatre popular with L. H. H. C. (Lane High Hooky Club) during last period. Marlene Deitrich's on—
- 16—A faint, delicate, fascinating perfume comes to our respective noses. Rotten eggs! Mr. Lacy and his Chemistry class getting gassy again.
- 17—Miss Lucy Jones's Latin Assembly, the first of its kind. "Tubby" draped in a sheet—pardon, toga—spouts Latin to Eloise, "Shrimp," "Dutchie," Betsy, and "Pie" resplendent in cheese-cloth. Roman wedding. Heh! Heh!
- 22—George Washington Assembly. Speeches, dance, music and a play. Tom Shepherd in a white wig as George. You can't fool us, Tommy. A good play, though.
- 23—Basketball Game lost to Harrisonburg.
- 25—Tryouts for "Adam and Eva," the Player's Club play. Howald Bailey gets part of Snake.

MARCH

- 1—First day in March. You don't have to believe us. Reports. Ouch!
- 3—Winners of most popular, etc., contest have been announced. Will they or won't they get their pictures taken?
- 16—Minstrel given by Boys' Glee Club. Hot-cha!
- 25—Spring fever epidemic spreads. Be careful. Try a well known medicine, "Study," sold at the best schools. Mysterious disappearance of Senior Banner!

APRIL

- 1—"Your shoe-string's untied." Thought we knew that old one. Happy April Fool's day!
- 9—The Player's Club gives "Adam and Eve." A success.
- 12—'Smore Spring Fever. Well?

MAY

- 26—Exams. Heaven help the heavy laden.
- 27—Senior Banquet.
- 28—Senior Play given. Three cheers for Class Night!
- 29—Baccalaureate sermon.
- 31—Graduation.

THE CHAIN



"Little Men"



"The Seven Sleepers"



"Little Women"



"Now We Are Six"



"All Sorts and Conditions of Men"



"Vanity Fair"



"Working Our Way Around The World"



"Frankenstein"



"Modern Problems in Classroom Management"



"Bill - The Conqueror"



"Royal Road To Romance"



"Chess - In Ten Easy Lessons"



"Romeo and Juliet"

LITERARY FOLLIES

THE CHAIN

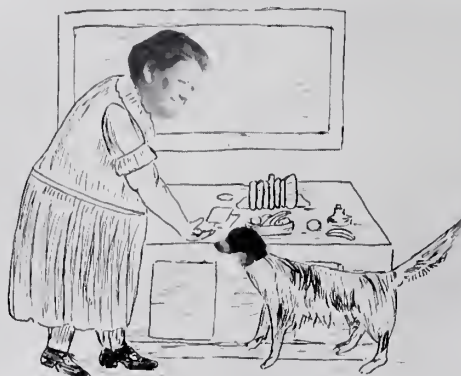


OFF STAGE

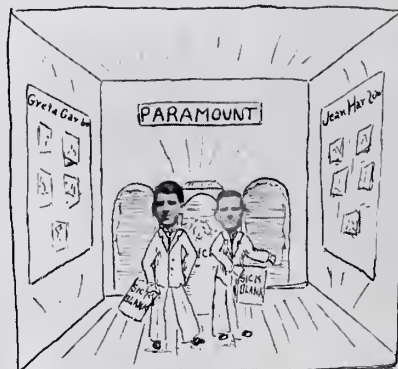
THE CHAIN



INFANT PRODIGIES



BRUNO IN THE "BREAD LINE"



OH! THOSE SICK BLANKS



CASTING THEIR "LINES"

SIDE SHOWS

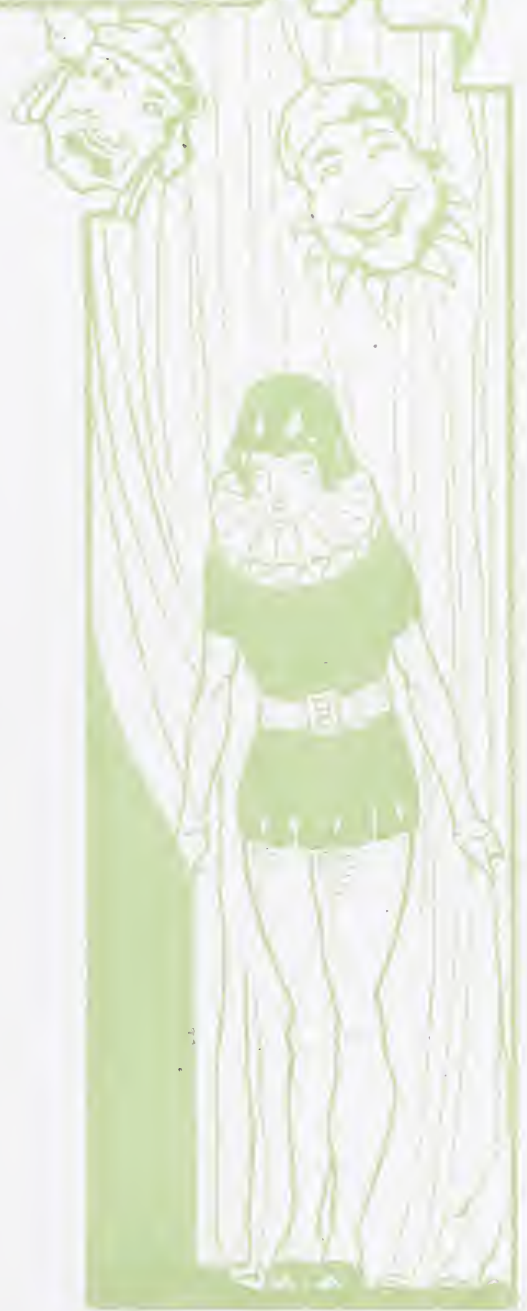


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IN BOTTLES



Pause and Refresh Yourself

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Bottling Works

The Seven Stages of Woman

The infant

The little girl

The maiden

The young woman

The young woman

The young woman

The young woman

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